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WEEP NOT.

BY J. WILLIAMS.

Weep not that Death has bared his blade
And thrust it in the springing corn,
While bending stems that droop and fade
He marks and passes by in scorn.

Weep not that some make prayer in vain
To Death through all the weary days;
His sickle reaps the noblest grain,
And leaves the tares beside the ways.

Weep not to see his hand appear
And beckon o'er the western sea;
The gallant hearts to us so dear,
O Death, are dearer still to thee.

Weep not that strong young spirits lie
Of light and life and love bereft;
Nay, weep not for the good that die,
But for the evil that are left.

THE WAR OF THE ROSES

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIS WEDDED WIFE," "BARBARA GRAHAM," "PENKIVAL," "WE KISSED AGAIN," "BUNCHIE," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.—[CONTINUED.]

"OH, Rudolph!" cried Lady Castlemaine; "you will make me impatient."

"It isn't an old woman you resemble," said Lord Castlemaine; "it is a beautiful white rose. Now, I ask you, Gertrude, how could a fragile white rose live in this miserable damp?"

There flashed upon him the light of two beautiful dark eyes, in which love, pain, scorn, and despair were all told.

"Is all your care and solicitude for white roses?" asked Isabel Hyde. "Have red nothing to fear?"

"If you take my advice you will not go," he said slowly. "I do not think it is a fitting day for any lady to go out."

"Still," she continued, "you would not have remonstrated if you had seen me going alone."

He looked at her somewhat wonderingly; knowing nothing of the storm and jealousy that rent her heart in twain.

"Well, you see, Miss Hyde, it is not the same thing," he replied. "I might have advised you, but I could not interfere with you."

"I might go out and get killed with the damp, and you would not say one word to me!" cried Isabel.

"Forgive me, but how very impetuous you ladies are," he said. "I have displeased you, Isabel, and half offended Gertrude, yet I cannot imagine why."

"You are over solicitous for me," said Lady Castlemaine.

"You are not solicitous enough for me," cried Isabel Hyde; and then, seeing the startled look in his eyes, she began to laugh, but no woman ever laughed with such an effort before.

Her jealousy had for the time carried her beyond herself; all that loving care and solicitude for Gertrude—the wind must not blow too roughly on Gertrude, the damp must not come near her—but what did he care for her?

He was so anxious and so solicitous about Gertrude that he did not seem to notice whether she were going out or not; but the wonder in his eyes recalled her to herself; what right had she to show any jealousy of another woman's husband?

She laughed but there was little music in the laugh.

"While so much care and solicitude are to be had," she said, "I may as well claim a share."

"You will always have it from me," said Lord Castlemaine. "I strongly advise you not to walk out this damp unhealthy morning."

He looked at her kindly, and she felt that to have that sense of loving care always over her, she would give her life itself.

"I shall go," said Lady Castlemaine, "damp or not damp. I have determined to go to Redmoss, and go I will."

"I will not," said Isabel Hyde. "Lord Castlemaine is quite right; the morning is against us."

After those few kind words and that kind look she could not have opposed him, so a compromise was made, and the carriage ordered.

The incident, trifling as it was, helped Isabel to weave a few more threads in that strong, subtle web of hers.

She took Lady Castlemaine to task in a fashion quite her own. That afternoon, as they lingered in the warm, cozy boudoir, over a cup of delicious tea, she commenced her attack.

"Gertrude," she said, "you do not understand your husband."

"Not understand him!" cried Lady Castlemaine. "I beg your pardon, I am quite sure that I do."

Isabel Hyde shook her beautiful head.

"No, my dear, you do not. I really believe," she added somewhat imprudently, "that I should understand him in time better than you do."

No jealousy stirred Lady Castlemaine's heart, she only thought that Isabel was a trifle too outspoken; still, she would like to know what was meant.

"What do you mean, Isabel?" she asked, gravely.

"Nothing to make a tragedy about," she replied. "I was thinking of this morning. I was so struck by his care and solicitude over you and you grew impatient with him."

"I am not very patient," said Gertrude, with sudden contrition. "I own it; but I cannot endure to be fussed over and watched. You are right, Isabel. I was, as you say, impatient without cause."

"I knew at once that it was his care for you that made him persist," continued Isabel. "I have often noticed that when he tries his best to please you, you understand him least."

Lady Castlemaine could not explain, even to herself, but something in that moment seemed to rise like a shadow between her husband and herself.

It was not jealousy as yet; that fatal and terrible passion had not woke in her heart; an intangible something—a shadow; and the clearest idea she had, after the interview, was that she did not really understand her husband; that other people could read his character better than she could do.

She felt further away from him that day than she had done since they were married. It was a miserable day to Isabel.

She had voluntarily placed herself in temptation, yet she could not endure to see Lord Castlemaine's passionate love for his wife.

Once as she was standing on the grand staircase, waiting for something that her maid had gone to find, she saw husband and wife meet quite accidentally in the hall.

It was in the shadow of the winter afternoon, before the lamps were lighted; she heard Lord Castlemaine say—

"Gertrude, darling, is that you?" She heard the gently-murmured, "Yes." Love alone uses such tones. Then she saw him clasp his wife in his arms and cover her face with kisses. "My darling—my beautiful wife, I shall come and have a cup of tea with you."

She turned away, utterly unable to bear it. If by one wish, if by raising her finger she could have stricken the fair white rose beauty from Lady Castlemaine's face, she would have done it.

In her passionate jealous rage, she could have struck the man she loved dead.

"Lead us not into temptation." The words came to her like faint sounds through a mist.

In her heart—that jealous, despairing heart—full of love for a man who had never loved her, she felt capable, in that moment, of any crime.

She could have slain the fair young wife; she could have slain the man whose dark, handsome face had lured her to her doom. She turned away; death would not have been so bitter as the pain that rent her heart.

An hour afterwards, when Isabel Hyde went, as was her custom, to the warm, cozy boudoir, where the tea awaited her, Lady Castlemaine looked at her in wonder.

"Isabel," she cried, "how ill you look; you have lost all your beautiful color! You deserve to lose your name. You are not at all like a red rose, and you are trembling—actually trembling."

"I do not see anything wonderful in that, Gertrude. Anyone might tremble on a cold January afternoon."

"I will give you some hot tea," said Lady Castlemaine. "Rudolph said he would join us."

He came, looking so handsome, so brave, so kind, and his eyes were so full of admiration and love for his wife, that Isabel could hardly bear it.

"Lead us not into temptation."

Yet she had come there purposely to be tempted herself and to tempt others. As she watched, on that darkling winter afternoon, the guileless, innocent love, the simple happiness of husband and wife, she repeated her oath—she would part them for ever and aye!

But how was it to be done? Spirits of envy and hate, help and aid her! How was it to be done?

* * * * * *

THE KINGS AND QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

The Christmas week was ended, yet none of the guests felt inclined to leave Neath. The holiday had been so pleasant; every variety of old English sports and pastimes had been in requisition; charade parties, balls, private theatricals; they had almost turned night into day, yet the day was not long enough.

It was a time never to be forgotten by those who enjoyed it.

Lady Castlemaine and Miss Hyde were the two queens; Lady Castlemaine, young, beautiful, gifted with bright spirits—always bright, always ready to enjoy everything to its fullest extent—was the leader of the revels; Isabel Hyde, beautiful and graceful too, followed her lead, and no one knew of the shadow of tragedy that hung over her, or of her terrible vow.

"I have been so happy here," she said one morning, "that I shall not like going away."

"You need not go away; stay until the end of January. I shall be delighted, and I am sure Rudolph will."

Her heart ached just a little at her treachery; the fair face looked so smilingly into hers, the blue eyes were so clear and guileless, the invitation had been so cordially given; yet she knew that her only object in stopping with them was that she might work her cruel will and part them.

Good impulses came to her at times, and pleaded for them—pleaded to her to go away and leave them; to put Lord Castlemaine out of her life; to be true to the beautiful woman whom she called friend.

For what harm had they done her? Lady Castlemaine had not taken her lover from her by treachery, neither had the earl ever been her lover, for the love was all on her side, and not on his; he had never even been conscious of it.

There were times now she almost wished that she had let him see how much she loved him; and yet she would have lowered her own self-respect, and lowered it in vain; for from the moment he beheld Gertrude, he had had neither eyes nor ears for anyone else.

"I do not think," she said bitterly, "that if I had gone down on my knees to him to pray of him to marry me, that if I had been beautiful as Venus and dowered like a queen, he would have married me."

There were times when she gave herself up to wondering over the strange problems of life—as to why it was that she, who could have been so happy, should find the whole world dark and dreary because the love of her life was given to one who did not love her.

She never reminded herself that it was her own fault—that she had voluntarily and wilfully encouraged that love to grow in her heart knowing it to be useless—that she had given free rein to that which should have been curbed at first.

She blamed providence, circumstances, fate, chance—anything and everything, except herself.

Of all the impulses that came to her—of all the good thoughts and the bad thoughts, none were strong enough to cause her to falter in her purpose.

Her purpose in life was to separate husband and wife—to kill the great love that lay between them, and put hate in its place.

She worked perseveringly and industriously; she never allowed the slightest chance to pass.

If she could possibly make Lord Castlemaine impatient with his wife; if she could irritate him against her; if she could rouse the obstinate self-will that was strong within him, she was happy.

If by some laughing taunt, some sharp, cynical remark she could rouse Gertrude's pride against her husband, she felt one degree nearer victory.

Yet it was all done with such skill, such craft, such subtlety, that it was impossible for her to be detected. She never lost one chance.

One morning Lord and Lady Castlemaine, Miss Hyde, and several of the other visitors were together and discussing tableaux vivants for the evening.

"Let us have one tableau from that most picturesque period of English history, the reign of Henry the Eighth," said Lady Castlemaine.

She then turned to her husband with a smile.

"Which of all King Henry's wives do you prefer?" she asked.

He was silent for a few minutes, then he replied—

"Catherine of Arragon."

"And I," she said, "prefer Anne Boleyn. I do not believe any of the scandals about her; she was a beautiful, unhappy woman. Anne Boleyn is one of my favorite heroines in history."

"There is one thing about her that I can never understand," said Isabel Hyde; "and that is, how the king could hate her so deeply after loving her so much."

"There you touch upon a strange metaphysical question," said Lord Castlemaine. "It is said that love turned to hate is the most bitter hate of all."

"I cannot imagine hating anything or anyone who has been dearly loved," cried Lady Castlemaine.

"I can," interrupted Isabel. "I agree with Lord Castlemaine, 'love turned to hate is the most bitter hate of all.'"

"You remember said Lord Castlemaine, "that one most expressive line—

'Hell has no fury like a woman scorned.'"

He spoke quite unconsciously, not thinking of Miss Hyde, but she gave him one glance; it said so much that if anyone had intercepted it, that person must have understood the position at a glance.

"Love turned to hate," sighed Lady Castlemaine; "the idea is a very sorrowful one. I wonder if there is much wasted love in this world?"

"Yes," said Isabel Hyde, briefly. "You may be quite sure of that."

"You must read 'Evangeline,'" said Lord Castlemaine, "and see what Longfellow says about wasted affection; he declares that affection never is wasted."

"I do not believe," said Isabel Hyde, "that he could prove his words; but we are going a long way from Anne Boleyn. You would like a picture from that most troubled time, Lord Castlemaine?"

"Yes," he replied, "I have often thought how interesting a series of historical tableaux would be—one taken from each. It would be interesting and amusing."

"You would be King Henry," said Isabel; "but, Lord Castlemaine, you do not look the part. King Henry was fair and florid and stout; you are dark—and—and, I was going to add, handsome, but I must not say that."

She added, in her own mind, that he had, indeed, the grand, dark beauty that painters give to Spanish kings, and her eyes told her thoughts quite plainly.

"If we have that tableau," said Lady Castlemaine, "I should like to be Anne Boleyn. I am sure that I could play well a character that is familiar to me, and one that I like."

"And I," said Miss Hyde, "I should like to be Catharine of Arragon."

"She was old and plain," interrupted Lady Castlemaine.

"She was his wife!" replied Isabel. "He loved her first and best; he loved her well and faithfully for how many years?"

"He loved Anne Boleyn more in the few years of his wooing and his marriage than he did Catherine, spreading his love over all those years."

"I wonder," said Isabel, "which of his wives he really did love best; each one seems to have separate and different characteristics. Catherine was 'every inch a queen,' a royal lady, true to Heaven and her duty. What she must have suffered when she found her husband's love going from her to one so young and beautiful as Anne!—the tortures of jealousy; the fear and the doubt! I should say that no woman ever suffered more."

"I hope not," answered Lord Castlemaine.

"Then," continued Isabel, "comes your favorite, Lady Castlemaine; her characteristics seem to have been her bright wonderful beauty, her laughing, bright, coquetish nature; but what a short-lived triumph! While the king wooed Jane Seymour, how she must have suffered in her turn all the agonies that she had inflicted on Catherine."

"Jane Seymour must have been very beautiful," said Lady Castlemaine."

"She was young, fresh, and fair, history says. I should think she was also shrewd and calculating. She had seen a queen deposed to make room for Anne Boleyn, and she had resolved that Anne should be deposed for her. I do not know that I care much for her—a colorless character, I think. Then comes one whom no one loves; a character quite without romance or poetry—Anne of Cleves! I have often wondered where Cleves is! She walked in, and walked out of history" laughed Isabel Hyde. "Then comes a wife for whom I have always felt the greatest sorrow, sympathy, and pity; that pretty, wilful child Catherine Howard. She was but a child! I was reading somewhere, the other day, that the night before her execution her cries were so terrible and so appalling that strong men who heard them trembled."

"I wonder," cried Lady Castlemaine, "that the whole nation did not rise and tear the monster from the throne; that is the most wonderful part of his history to me, that he was allowed to live."

"Then comes the last wife of all, Catherine Parr! I always think of her as a motherly woman, dressed in grey or brown, and much given to serious reading."

"Perhaps, on his death-bed," said Lady Castlemaine, "he saw the ghosts of his wives, Catherine of Arragon, whom he tortured to death by breaking her heart; poor, murdered Anne; Catherine Howard, slain in her early youth; Jane Seymour, whom he forgot as soon as she was dead. Now which of these wives did he love best?"

"Catherine of Arragon; there can be no doubt," said Lord Castlemaine. "She was the love of his life—the others were but the love of an hour."

"Do you think a man ever has two loves in his life?" asked Isabel Hyde, and she looked with a clear, straight glance into the earl's eyes.

"No," was the prompt reply. "Every man has one love that is above all others, and which is never repeated,"—and he in his turn looking at his beautiful young wife seemed to say—"Such love as is mine for you."

This did not please Isabel, who could hear the not-spoken words of others. She turned the conversation back to its old channel.

"I wonder," she said, slowly, "what people would do in these days if an English king behaved in such a fashion?"

"They would give him short shrift," said Lord Castlemaine, quickly.

"Englishmen in these days would not stand by in silence while a young and beautiful queen was beheaded," said Lady Castlemaine. "People would soon begin to want to know more of the divine right of kings."

"If we have the tableau," interrupted Isabel Hyde, "promise me that I shall be the wife the king loved best—Catherine of Arragon."

"I will see to that," laughed Lord Castlemaine.

And Lady Castlemaine smiled, as she said—

"If the poor Queen Catherine had been half as fair as you, there would have been no Queen Anne Boleyn."

CHAPTER XI.

THE RIVAL QUEENS.

NEVER had the grand old Abbey of Neath been filled by such a crowd as that assembled there during the first week of the New Year; it was a dream of fairyland; a dream of delight.

The night that everyone enjoyed the most was the one devoted to tableaux vivants.

It was the crown of all other festivities. The old Abbey was brightly illuminated; the lights from the numerous windows streamed out in great ruddy floods on the hard, white ground; the lights were so brilliant that they could be seen far away.

The Abbey was crowded with guests from far and near; the neighbors had driven caring little for the cold of the winter's night, caring little for the frost and the snow.

Rumor had been busy, and much had been said about the beauty and magnificence of the tableaux, of the rare loveliness of the ladies engaged in them.

Not an invitation was refused, despite the disadvantage of wind and weather.

The tableaux were to be held in what was once a magnificent banqueting hall, in the days when the Castlemaines entertained kings and queens.

A more modern and smaller dining-room had long been built, and the old banquet hall was used as a ball-room or for private theatricals.

It was an invaluable room at Christmas time, for it would hold half the county.

Such a room to dance in, there was no other like it, but it presented distinctive features; there was a stage with crimson curtains before it, row after row of easy chairs and velvet covered benches.

There were magnificent decorations of flowers and Christmas evergreens; the grand chandeliers were filled with wax tapers, and the lights, though brilliant, were soft and pearly.

Such an audience was gathered together; the Chertons of Marlow, the Leighs from Cheedle, the St. Johns from Holme Leighton, the Forresters from Mead Hall.

Half the county was there; young and pretty girls, fair and sonsie matrons, husbands and sons; a brilliant gathering.

Lady Castlemaine received the guests, then went away to prepare for the tableaux.

She was as usual the gracious beautiful hostess who had a smile and a kind word for everyone.

She was the most charming and the most popular hostess in the county.

Everyone agreed that the arrangements were perfect; nothing could have been better.

What a lovely mixture of choice hothouse flowers and evergreens!

The stage was as large as that of any theatre's; the seats were comfortable and so well arranged.

There was nothing but praise and admiring comment.

Lady Castlemaine looked especially lovely on that evening; she wore a superb dress of white satin, exquisitely trimmed with sprays of mistletoe; she wore the famous Castlemaine diamonds, than which none in the land were finer. She looked regal and beautiful, and all eyes followed her admiringly.

The series of tableaux had been most beautifully arranged; no expense and no trouble had been spared.

The first was from Millais's "Les Huguenots," that most pathetic of all pictures, where the Catholic maiden implores her Protestant lover to tie the white handkerchief round his arm that he may be saved from the massacre, but he will not consent—not even to save his own life will he wear for one moment the emblem of a faith which he scorns.

At first Lord Castlemaine and Isabel had been called upon to take the two characters but at the rehearsal it was decided that Isabel was too dark, that the girl should be represented by one who contrasted with him, one who was very fair and had golden hair—Lady Castlemaine.

Everyone pronounced it to be a perfect picture, the fair loveliness of the girl contrasting with the dark, proud beauty of the man—the imploring, beseeching prayer on her face, the firm resolve on his.

A lovely picture, and when the curtain fell there was great applause. Lady Castlemaine trembled.

"Rudolph," she said, "I did not know that one's whole soul went into these pictures—mine did. Rudolph, if you had been that Huguenot lover, you would have let me tie the scarf round your arm, would you not?"

He caught her in his arms just for one moment, and kissed her with desperate passion.

"I would have done much for you, darling! I am not sure though whether I could have done that."

"I would have made you," she said.

She raised her fair face to his and kissed him.

There could be no mistake about the passionate love that wife and husband had for each other. Isabel's vow was not near its fulfilment yet.

Then followed a scene from "Faust and Marguerite," beautifully arranged and highly applauded, which was succeeded by a picture from the "Lady of Lyons" Claude Melnotte and Pauline.

Pauline was one of the young lady visitors.

Then came the four tableaux that Lord Castlemaine had arranged, and which half the county had come to see.

The first was King Henry the Eighth and wife, Queen Catherine of Arragon. He wore his royal robes; and a magnificent king he made.

Queen Catherine, in a superb dress of velvet and ermine, a crown of diamonds on her dark hair, stood by his side.

He was seated, she stood with one hand on his shoulder, as though pleading with him.

Every inch a queen. In her whole life Isabel Hyde had never looked so royal—so beautiful.

The dress suited her to perfection; the sweeping velvet, the rich crimson, the royal crown.

Art could not have lent that rapt, loving expression to her face. Her eyes, as they rested on the king, were luminous with love.

They expressed wifely devotion, womanly tenderness, passionate love; and yet, although they said so much, they did not tell one half of what lay in her heart.

A beautiful picture, intended to represent the home-life of the king and Queen Catherine.

"Much too young for the part," was the general comment, "but how most exquisitely beautiful!" "What a face!" "What a figure!"

But all the praise and homage were less than nothing to her; all she cared to see was one flash of admiration and love in the eyes of Lord Castlemaine.

She did not see it, and her own grew the brighter for their wistful longing.

The curtain fell amidst loud and sincere applause.

Before anyone had had time to come upon the stage, she turned to him with a girlish flash of her dark eyes.

"You should try to look as though you loved me; at least when we are on the stage together," she said and before he could give her an answer she was gone.

The true meaning of her words did not strike him.

She was not like the ordinary run of conventional yound ladies, and he made allowances; he laughed as she disappeared; but he would not have laughed had he known what was in her heart.

Then came a beautiful picture. A story is told in legend, not in history, how Queen Catherine, going suddenly into her withdrawing-room, found the king on his knees before Anne Boleyn; neither of them knew of her entrance, and the king went on with his passionate, loving words.

This was the second tableau of the series—some thought the most beautiful; the kneeling king, with all the passion of his heart and soul in his face, Anne Boleyn, with the light full on her lovely face, on her fair hair, her gleaming jewels and picturesque dress, the expression of her face, so sweet, so yielding, so loving.

There stood the angry queen, and for once in her life, Isabel Hyde allowed her whole nature to speak in her face; passionate love, passionate anger, passionate despair were all there; a face that was at once beautiful yet terrible; the love of a lifetime, the love that would neither count cost nor crime was there; there also was the passionate anger, the rage and despair more bitter than death itself.

A silence that was more impressive than applause followed.

The terrible passion on that dark, beautiful face could not be so very soon shaken off.

The third tableau was then taken from where Anne Boleyn, then reigning queen, finds the king embracing Jane Seymour, and knows—poor, hapless lady!—that her doom is sealed.

Lady Castlemaine commanded universal attention; there was the same expression in her face that had impressed the audience in Queen Catherine's passionate love and passionate despair.

The fourth and last tableau was the beautiful, hapless Anne in her cell the night before her execution—a picture of unspeakable loveliness and pathos.

The queen in a long white robe, her fair hair lying like a veil over her shoulders, kneeling before a table on which rested the portrait of the king.

Was she thinking of his wild pursuit of her, of his ardent love, of his passion, of his worship, of her beauty?

How often the beautiful head, that on the morrow would lie low in the dust, had been pillowed on his breast?

Was she wondering to herself how he could slay her when he had loved her so well? Those who saw that picture never forgot it.

When the curtain fell, and Lady Castlemaine rose from her knees, she was pale and trembling.

"Rudolph!" she cried, "a shadow has fallen over me. I wish I had not joined in these tableaux. I am not Anne Boleyn, I am Gertrude Castlemaine! You would not slay me even if, I did worse than people say she did! You would forgive me and love me always to the end! See how my hands tremble, and my heart has grown cold. Nothing could part us, could it Rudolph?"

"No, my darling," he replied, kissing the pale, beautiful face. "You have over-tired yourself. I will bring you a glass of champagne."

She drank it, but the color did not come back to her face.

"I cannot think," she said, "what is the matter with me. As I knelt there, such a strange feeling came over me as though what I was doing then was some faint foreshadowing of what would some day or other happen to me."

He kissed the sweet lips that trembled still.

"Rudolph," she cried suddenly, "do you think I shall ever kneel before your pictured face with my heart broken at losing you?"

"No," he cried. "See, Gertrude, darling I will never have another tableau in the house if they affect you in this fashion."

Then Isabel came to them.

"We are not only rival roses," she said, laughingly, "but we are rival queens, Gertrude."

"Gertrude has made herself ill by giving her whole heart to the performance."

"I am quite sure," said Lady Castlemaine, that I shall feel all night as though the scaffold was waiting for me in the morning!" and although she did her best, that feeling remained with her during the rest of that brilliant evening.

"I want to speak just one word to you, Lord Castlemaine, before you give over your kingship; tell me once again, that I may remember, which of those wives of yours did you love best?"

Isabel had met him, as it seemed quite by accident, in the narrow passage leading to the dressing room; met him and stood still before him, holding his eyes as it were with her own, while she asked him the question.

He was half startled for one minute, then he answered—

"Catherine, to be sure."

"Then I am glad I was Catherine; slighted, despised, and repudiated as she was, still, I am glad that I was Catherine. I have been queen to your king; I shall remember it."

A vague thought that of the ladies, one of them must be on the point of insanity came over Lord Castlemaine's mind, but he dismissed it.

He was clever and keen, yet the strange thing was that he had no idea, not the faintest suspicion that Isabel Hyde was, or had been, in love with him.

CHAPTER XII.

THE MILLS OF GOD.

MOST young married people take some time to understand each other, to fall into each other's ways, faults.

Lord and Lady Castlemaine were no exception to the general rule—they had differences of opinions; the husband, although he spoke at times impatiently to his wife he loved her passionately.

Lady Castlemaine, although at times wanting in patience and kindness, had the same great devotion for her husband.

They quarrelled sometimes; they differed in opinion; they uttered a few sharp, hasty words—then they kissed, and made friends—just like other husbands and wives. They were perfectly happy in their domestic life; happy in the present, and hopeful for the future.

It was nearly the end of January before the gay party of guests which had assembled at Neath Abbey dispersed, and up to that time Isabel Hyde had made no progress with the fulfilment of her vow.

She was, if possible more deeply in love with Lord Castlemaine than ever. The short, fleeting hours, when on the stage she had enacted the part of his wife, had done her incalculable harm.

She seemed never to forget the time, and it led her into a half-familiar kind of manner with him that would have aroused the jealousy of some wives, but Lady Castlemaine never seemed to notice it.

They were both grieved to part with her; they had begged her to stay longer with them, but she answered laughingly—

"I must go some time! I cannot stay always! I cannot live with you—I would if I could."

"The only comfort is that we shall see you in town; we are going early. Perhaps Lady Cresson will let you come to us for a few weeks there."

"That would be delightful," said Isabel Hyde, with a smile that was like so much Greek to Lady Castlemaine.

The carriage was at the door. The white snow lay frozen on the ground. The robin redbreasts flitted about on the bare boughs. The sky was blue and cloudless, and the wind soughed round the grand old walls. A bright, beautiful winter's day.

Lord Castlemaine was going to drive Miss Hyde to Redmoss station; other guests had been driven by the coachmen; but she had looked in her host's face when the time and the manner of her going was mentioned.

"You will drive me?" she said. "How many happy rides and drives I have had with you, and this will be the last."

"The last for a time," he replied. "I hope we shall often ride together in London."

"Do you really hope that?" she interrupted him to ask.

"Assuredly I do," was the reply in a tone of wonder.

They all three stood in the drive. The horses were impatiently pawing the ground.

Lord Castlemaine went to the carriage to see if the rugs were all right, and the two beautiful women stood alone for a few minutes.

Lady Castlemaine had thrown a fur cloak over her shoulders, yet she shuddered as the wind blew.

"I am afraid," she said, "that you will have a dull journey. It is so very cold."

"I am quite sure of that," replied Isabel Hyde. "I should be dull at leaving you if it were the brightest day in summer. I wonder what kind of season it will be. A brilliant one I hope."

"It is sure to be," said Lady Castlemaine.

"We shall not be the rival roses this year," said Isabel Hyde. "You can never again be a rival, you are victorious."

"No, we shall not be rivals. We never were in that sense of the word. Isabel you will not forget one thing, that you have called me 'friend'?"

"I shall not forget it," she replied, with a peculiar smile.

"The greatest pleasure to me of the coming season is that I shall see you again," Lady Castlemaine, as she kissed the face that was to bring such unutterable woe to her; and so, with a kiss false as was the kiss of Judas, they parted.

That evening, over her dressing-room fire Lady Castlemaine, with her husband, discussed Isabel Hyde.

"She seems so very much attached to us," said Lady Castlemaine. "I think myself quite fortunate in having found such a friend. You have known her some time, Rudolph. How is it you did not fall in love with her?"

"I?" he replied, easily. "Ah, no, Gertrude; she is beautiful and clever, but she is not the style of girl I should have loved. You are my style, and no other. We have been married nearly a year, and I am even more your lover than I was on our wedding-day. You are, and always must be, the only woman in the whole world for me!"

As Lady Castlemaine kissed the lips that had just uttered such loving words, she thought herself the most fortunate, as well as the happiest woman in the whole world.

If the stars that shine above us, and hear so many vows, could but tell how often they are made and how often they are broken; if the tall trees that stand with their great branches erect and bare, could tell of the vows made under their shade, so fervent, so earnest, one would think they must be immortal; and they last, perhaps, only a year.

How the stars and trees must laugh at such lovers' perjuries; how often the love is changed or dead before the leaves have fallen, and the green comes slowly round again.

While husband and wife so discussed her Isabel Hyde was in her own room at Holme Leighton, where she was staying with her aunt, Lady Cresson, and she was face to face with a failure—a complete and perfect failure.

The last thing she had seen at Neath Abbey was how Lord Castlemaine, after he had arranged her rugs and had made her comfortable, hastened to where his wife stood, wrapped in her fur cloak.

How handsome he looked, standing there in the winter sunshine, his dark face all aglow with love.

Little heeding any lookers-on he took her in his arms and kissed her.

"Good-bye, my darling," he said, "I shall not be gone long."

As they drove away, to the last his eyes lingered on her, and when they could see her no longer he began to talk about her, and every word that he uttered was in loving praise of her.

Isabel Hyde had to listen and then respond.

Most people would have been quite daunted, would have given up in despair.

She was going away; it was uncertain, to say the least of it, when they would meet again; and he had no thought for her—his heart and mind were full of his wife.

Even when he had arranged her traveling rugs, seen that she had the most comfortable seat in a first-class car, when he bought papers and periodicals to amuse her during the journey, when he had shaken hands with her and had bidden her good-bye, she could tell that his thoughts were still with Gertrude, for he came back to her just as the train was starting, not, as she fondly imagined to speak a few kind words to her, a last farewell, but to say—

"Do you think Gertrude looking as well as she did in town?" and her patience gave way as she answered—

"Yes, I think her looking as well as it is possible for her to look."

But if she intended her answer to be sarcastic, the sarcasm was all lost—entirely lost on Lord Castlemaine, in whose eyes his wife always looked beautiful.

Then the train went on its way, and she soon left Neath Abbey far behind.

She went with a sense of failure, and now, as she sat in her room alone, she was face to face with the knowledge that, although she had brought all the powers of her mind to bear on her object, that of making mischief between husband and wife, and of ultimately parting them, she had failed ignominiously.

She sat for some time in silence, then she clenched her white hands.

"I will do it," she said to herself. "Where there is a strong will there must be a way."

The words died on her lips as Lady Cresson entered her room.

"You are not looking so well as when you left, Isabel," she said, with a keen glance at the beautiful face, which had lost some of its brilliancy.

"I am tired with the journey," she replied.

"That is not all, my dear," said Lady Cresson; "I see signs of mental wear and tear. If you are not careful you will have wrinkles soon. I advised you not to go to Neath; but you would have your own way Isabel."

There was something kindly and wistful in Lady Cresson's manner; she was evidently under the impression that her niece had been suffering.

Isabel rose impatiently against the unuttered sympathy.

"Neath has done me no harm," she said, coldly. "I have had a very pleasant visit. If I do not look quite so well, it must be because we have had late hours and little rest."

"Did you leave Lord and Lady Castlemaine well?" asked Lady Cresson.

"Yes, they were well, and in good spirits," she answered.

Lady Cresson looked very curiously at her.

"I seldom ask questions about my neighbors," she said; "and I am not given to curiosity; but I should like to know how they get on together. Are they happy? Do they suit each other?"

"Yes; perfectly," she answered. "They seem as happy as it is possible to be."

"I am glad of it," said Lady Cresson. "I had my doubts."

"Had you?" asked Isabel, eagerly. "Why?"

"Only from studying just a little the character of both," said Lady Cresson. "They are both proud and very obstinate. People with the same faults seldom agree well."

"I have the same faults, aunt, yet I should have agreed with Lord Castlemaine."

"You really liked him, Isabel," said Lady Cresson.

"So does Gertrude," said Isabel. "She loves him with all her heart."

She turned away as she uttered the words; but Lady Cresson did not feel quite satisfied; and long afterwards she remembered the expression on the dark, beautiful face; and all night long Lady Cresson was haunted, she could not tell why, by these words—

"Though the mills God grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceeding small;
With patience He stands waiting,
With exactness grinds He all."

CHAPTER XIII.

I DECLINE.

A BRIGHT April day, and all fashionable London was astir.

Out in the country, great events were taking place; lovely spring smiled over the land; the buds were forming on the trees, the tender grass was springing, the violets hid themselves, although they spread their fragrance through the air; the yellow primroses, like golden stars, filled the woods, the banks, and the hedge-rows with beauty; the cowslips were out in the meadows; there was a stir and a thrill in nature which made itself felt everywhere.

The birds were beginning to build, and they sang sweetly, as birds know how; on the pools and tarns, on the pretty brooks, the sun was shining; the air seemed full of music, and perfume, and brightest light.

That was spring in the country, and some of its beauty was to be found in town.

The green leaves were forming; in the streets the flower-girls carried great baskets of yellow flowers—primroses, cowslips, and daffodils; the birds sang, but not so blithely as their brethren in the country. There was something in the air, keen and bracing yet sweet.

In the parks one seemed to inhale the perfume of the springing buds.

The world of fashion was all astir; the season was one of the gayest ever known to begin with, the Royal Family were all at home—all well; there was no break in the happy band; death had not made that sudden and awful swoop with that sharp and terrible sword.

Fashionable London was thronged and the tide of gaiety flowed on unceasingly.

A great number of the best families in England were in town, but there was no circle more exclusive, no house more select than that of Lord and Lady Castlemaine's.

They gave the best balls, the best dinners, the most recherche little suppers after the opera, the best and most amusing "at homes" in town.

Neath House, that season, was considered the best in town.

Perhaps its greatest attraction lay in the marvelous beauty of the two ladies—Lady Castlemaine, the hostess, and her friend Isabel Hyde, who was staying with her; the two loveliest women in London, and it seemed strange that they should be under one roof; but Lady Cresson had another niece to bring out that season, and Isabel Hyde would have been compelled to remain in the country but for the urgent and pressing invitation of Lady Castlemaine.

Both rivals were even more lovely than last year; happy love had given new brightness to the fair face of Lady Castlemaine; the face of Isabel Hyde took deeper beauty from her passionate love.

There comes a time in the lives of all men and women when they cease to wear a mask even to themselves; when they look their own crimes, sins, and temptations straight in the face and call them by their right names.

That time had come to Isabel Hyde. She made no more moral pretences even to herself.

She looked her sin boldly in the face and went on with it.

Lord Castlemaine had married another, instead of marrying her, and she intended to have her revenge on him and on that other.

Constant dropping wears away a stone, and she by her constant intrigues, her innendoes, had worn in some measure the happy love that had existed between husband and wife.

She was the wisest of all traitors, for she never said one word that, if repeated, could compromise her, one word that could be proved untrue, or which, if brought home to her, could do her the least harm.

She could plant the sharpened dagger in the heart of Lord Castlemaine, yet, if he were asked afterwards, he could not tell even what words she had used.

She could make Lady Castlemaine wince again, yet her words never left behind them the faintest impression of unkindness.

She was beginning to make progress; she could see her way more clearly, and she worked with the patient assiduity of a demon tempting a human soul.

Already she had made Lady Castlemaine believe that her husband looked down on her family; that he considered his own infinitely superior; that, although he never expressed it in words, still, in his own heart and mind, this want of antiquity in her family was the one thing that could be found against her.

She had most firmly impressed that on Lady Castlemaine, yet if anyone had asked that lady how those ideas had come to her, why she believed them, she could not have told; so gently, so imperceptibly had she been led up to them.

She had impressed upon Lord Castlemaine the idea that his wife rebelled against his pride and did all in her power to defeat it, to show him that she cared little for "divine right," whether it was in the case of king or peer.

She had managed to draw a clearly defined line between them, and neither could have told how it was done.

She had also managed, without in the least degree alarming him, to impress upon Lord Castlemaine's mind the fact of her devotion to him, of her care for his interests of the high value she placed on his friendship; there was nothing of love, nothing of flirtation; but Lord Castlemaine did honestly believe that no man in the world had a more true or more devoted friend than he had found in Isabel Hyde.

Her flattery was of that subtle kind, so sweet, so intoxicating, yet so delicate, it could hardly be perceived. She smiled to herself as she said—

"I have the ear of the house now. I can manage both."

She had succeeded so far on her evil mission that husband and wife both indulged in small quarrels before her.

If they had been alone, those quarrels would have been over at once, and a kiss would have followed them; as she was present, and her interests seemed so equally divided, neither cared to give in. Then when she was alone with either, a few subtle, but perfectly safe words, would anger one still more greatly against the other.

One morning during luncheon, husband and wife had some words; they did not pass the bounds of good breeding, but they were vexed and irritated with each other. Isabel was secretly careful to increase that vexation.

When night came, and Lord Castlemaine feeling annoyed with himself, went to make peace with his wife, he found her for the first time with a sullen frown on her beautiful face.

"Gertrude," he said, "I am sorry I spoke so sharply. Kiss me, and let us be friends again."

But the beautiful lips were not as usual raised to his.

She did not turn to him, or smile, or answer him by kiss or by loving word.

She sat quite still, without moving, and small as this incident was, it was the beginning of the end.

"Gertrude, darling," he repeated. "Do you hear me? I want you to kiss and be friends."

"It is of no use," she replied. "If I am friends with you, as you call it, one hour, we shall quarrel the next."

"But," he argued, "if we never make friends we shall be always quarreling, and we should neither of us like that."

"I am not so sure," said Lady Castlemaine. "It seems to me that you enjoy quarreling. You loved me so much, once upon a time, that you could not have one cross word with me."

"I love you quite as much now, but perhaps a little bit more sensibly," he replied.

"Then I prefer the foolish love," retorted Lady Castlemaine.

"I do not," said her husband.

"The fact is," continued Lady Castlemaine, "you ought to have married someone with 'all the blood of all the Howards' in her veins. My father, Heaven bless him! was but a City knight. The truth is, I was not good enough for you."

"Oh, Gertrude," he cried; "how cruel you are! How can say such things to me? I, who worship you so!"

"You worship ancient ancestry a great deal more," she said.

"I do not. I could not. What makes you say such unkind things to me, Gertrude?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

In the trial of a case at Glasgow, Scotland, recently, it came out that a clothing manufacturer was employing a number of girls, age from fifteen to eighteen years, at 50 cts. a week for fifty hours' work; and he consequently was able to reckon his net profits at about 340 per cent. on work and material.

Bric-a-Brac.

A QUEER BELIEF.—The Celestials hold the theory that, by preserving a fellow-creature from drowning, the rescuer is answerable to the next world for all the sins afterwards committed by the person rescued.

THE ALPHABET.—It is a mathematical demonstration that those twenty-six letters admit of so many changes in their order, and make such a long roll of differently-ranged alphabets, not two of which are alike, that they could not all be exhausted though a million millions of writers should each write above a thousand alphabets a day for the space of a million millions of years.

THE PYRAMIDS.—The theory that the Egyptian pyramids were originally natural hills, or piles of stone with pyramidal summits, and that these heaps were easily fashioned into exact mathematical shape, appears to be gaining ground. It being declared that there is an abundance of historical and other evidence to support the idea, and that, despite its boldness, it has as yet found no opponents.

WHAT ALL BABIES SAY.—Babies in China learn to call their fathers "a-da," which corresponds to papa; but "a" really means "sir," while the "a" is put in for euphony. Mothers are called "a-ma," nearly the same as in this country. Great families sometimes teach children to say "siee-ya" for father, and "siee-che" for mother. The first means "young lord," and the second "young lady." This "ma" is used by nearly every nation on the globe to designate the mother. It is the "one touch of nature which makes the world kin."

A PET DOG.—A Russian woman of rank and riches, dying, left to Gypsy, her pet dog, a legacy of 1000 roubles ($600), the interest upon which sum was to be spent for the dog's maintenance. Whether too many creature-comforts hastened Gypsy's death, or grief caused him to pine away, is not clear; anyhow Gypsy died. Thereupon the person who had charge of Gypsy took it for granted that that she would be paid the pile of roubles; but the owner of another dog, which was an offspring of Gypsy, has put in a claim for the money, on the ground that Gypsy's son is Gypsy's heir. Judgment reserved.

FRENCHMEN AND CATS.—Among French Ministers Cardinal Richelieu and Colbert always had kittens playing about their cabinets; Richelieu sent the kittens away when they were more than three months old and ceased to be amusing. Louis XIII. distinguished himself as a boy by begging for the lives of the cats, which it was a custom—brutal enough—to throw into the bonfires on St. John's Day. More interesting is the tenderness towards cats of distinguished soldiers like General Hondaille. As a colonel he was suddenly ordered to lead his regiment across France from Toulouse to Metz; he was obliged to leave his cats behind, and he used his first leisure to retrace his steps to Toulouse for the purpose of fetching them back.

TAKEN FOR IDIOTS.—A clergyman was recently annoyed by people talking and giggling. He paused, looked at the disturbers, and said: "I am always afraid to expose those who misbehave, for this reason: some years since, as I was preaching, a young man who sat before me was constantly laughing, talking, and making uncouth grimaces. I paused and administered a severe rebuke. After the close of the service a gentleman said to me, 'Sir, you have made a great mistake. That young man whom you reproved is an idiot. Since then I have always been afraid to reprove those who misbehave themselves in church, lest I should repeat the mistake, and reprove another idiot.'" During the rest of the service, at least, there was good order.

JAPANESE WEDDING.—At a recent Japanese wedding the most prominent gift was a mountain formed of rolls of white and red floss silk, the ends of each roll being tied with parti-colored twine in hard knots, emblematic of the indissolubility of the marriage-tie. The floss silk typified gentle but enduring constancy, the strength of the skeins contrasting with their softness and flexibility. Round the base of the mountain were ornaments of fresh rice straw, plaited into the forms of storks and tortoises of longevity, and the pine bamboo and plum of perpetual bloom, while into the loops of the plants were thrust pieces of the dried bonito fish, a favorite accompaniment of wedding-presents, its name in Japanese being a homonym for the three characters signifying victorious, manly, and brave.

NATIVE ENTERPRISE.—An English maligner of American newspaper men tells a pretty tale about the hanging of a murderer. "The murderer had at last been condemned to death," writes this tattler, "and the reporters were on the point of interviewing him to hear what he thought of the sentence when those of them who represented the evening papers turned pale with horror. It came upon them all at once that the prisoner was to be hanged at an hour that would prevent their getting a full account of the proceedings into their last edition. Here was a pretty state of affairs! Something must be done—but what? They took counsel among themselves, and then hurried to the authorities. The latter saw that a grave mistake had been made; but they could not rectify it without the prisoner's consent. The reporters went to the prisoner, explained the state of matters, and begged him, for the sake of the public, to stretch a point in their favor. He acknowledged the force of their representations and consented to be hanged an hour earlier."

PLEASURE.

BY HARRY HILDRETH.

Some pleasures come like rainbows,
  At the ending of a storm;
Some vanish like the wind that blows,
  To take no lasting form;
Some pleasures come by accident,
  And turn our pain to cheer,
When messengers by Heaven sent
  Bring help in danger near.

Some crosses come and cause us strife,
  And Fortune's loss awhile;
They come as if to shade our life,
  Then light it with a smile;
We fear the sinking of the ship,
  And dread the rider's fall,
But One who takes no seeming note
  Knows what is best for all.

Look from life's first day to its last,
  And balance good with ill;
How much, how very much, has passed,
  To make us love it still;
How sweet have been the flowers seen,
  How dear each loving heart,
With hopes and crosses in between,
  How brave lives dread to part.

With life's large compass in His hand,
  One guides our varying way,
Who sees some suffer and grow grand,
  As is His will each day;
Who sends us pains and crosses too
  To bring us joy by stealth,
And bids us prize our losses as
  The golden key of wealth.

To Love and Honor.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DOLLY'S LUCK," "PEGGY," "TWO BRIDAL EVES," "A SHOCKING SCANDAL," "THE WYCHFIELD HORROR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

IT is a fair, still evening in June; the sun dying gloriously in the western sky, kisses the tall trees that shelter one side of an old-fashioned suburban garden, and, lingering long over that benignant farewell filters down a golden glory through their thick branches, and upon the earnest faces of a young couple who stand in close conference at the low green gate.

The man is a slender, foreign-looking young fellow, in a brown velvet jacket and soft felt hat, a costume that suits and sets off the picturesque beauty of the dark eager face, with its mellow depths of coloring; the girl is very young, not more than sixteen, tall and slender—too slender at present—with features of statuesque regularity, a milk-white skin, pale golden hair, and eyes of warm velvety golden brown.

But her eyes are down-drooped now, and the man who stretches eagerly across the gate and tries in vain to make them meet his impassioned glance can only see the pretty crescent that the curled black lashes make upon the pink-tinged cheek, and, though he fails in his endeavor, he thrills with a secret delicious triumph.

The beautiful eyes have hitherto looked out upon the world, and even upon him, with a gaze only too childish frank and fearless; he has taught them the sudden shyness and strange sweet trouble of today.

"It is good-bye then, Mademoiselle Cressida?" he says, a faint accent of reproach marring the liquid sweetness of his words.

"Good-bye, Monsieur St. Just!"

The girl's voice trembles slightly over the sentence; she does not lift her eyes yet, but stands with linked hands and down-bent golden head, a pretty picture of shy indecision in a shabby old gray dress and knotted muslin kerchief.

The man leaps the gate, lightly clasps the two trembling hands within his own, and audaciously kisses the soft sweet blushing cheek.

"Not that, at least," he says imperatively; "if good-bye at all, it shall be 'Good-bye, Isidore!' Try it, sweet; the sentence is not hard, believe me."

The color deepens till the fair face, neck, and ears are one deep glow; the dark brilliant eyes are uplifted in mingled reproach and appeal, as the girl whispers desperately—

"Oh, I cannot! Oh, do let me go in, Monsieur St. Just—it is very wrong, and dreadful; and, oh, what will Miss Smerdon say?"

There is no doubting the genuineness of Cressida Leigh's dismay; but its cause only laughs and shrugs his broad shoulders.

"She would say, my sweetest, that Isidore was no more dreadful a person than Monsieur St. Just, that both were forbidden fruit for you. But, for us, we concern ourselves not at all with what that too severe teacher of the young may say. You will say 'Isidore,' if you love me—if you would send me from you happy and content."

A brief struggle with herself—a quick look up the winding path and over the grass plot, athwart which the evening shadows are beginning to fall—then Cressida speaks the required words.

"Good-bye, Isidore;" and once again Isidore St. Just bends his handsome head to the level of hers; but this time he chooses not the soft cheek, but the sweet rosy lips that have long forgotten their mother's kiss and have known no other in all their sixteen years of life.

"And you will be left alone in this great barracks for all the holiday-time?" the man asks presently, with a backward glance at the old-brick house, just dimly visible among the branches of the trees. "The demoiselles are off to their homes, and the ladies—the Misses Smerdon—where do they go?"

The girl draws her brows together with a look of perplexity; he has touched upon some subject already troubling her thoughts.

"Ah, that I cannot tell you, monsieur—well, Isidore, then"—with a little laugh and flitting blush. "But then there is something so strange in Miss Smerdon's manner lately, and, as for Miss Julia—have you noticed anything that is odd in Miss Julia?"

"Miss Julia is always odd, as you say," Isidore replies, with a considering look. "Well, perhaps she may be a little odder than usual, just at present; on the whole, I should think it possible Miss Julia Smerdon imagines herself in love."

"That is just what I think," Cressida agrees in an emphatic whisper, turning her bright face full upon her lover. "Oh, Isidore, if that were so, if we were to tell her that we, that you and I——"

She breaks down in hopeless confusion.

But Isidore St. Just does not come to her assistance now; a shadow flits across his face, and there comes a very unamiable light into the dark expressive eyes.

Monsieur St. Just loves the girl beside him with a fiercely ardent passion; but he has neither wish nor intention to make a formal demand for her hand of the two old school-mistresses who are the only guardians Cressida Leigh has ever known.

However, he smothers the disgust with which the proposition fills him, wisely considering that he is not as yet absolute master of the situation, and answers smoothly enough—

"My dear little innocent child, we could not choose a more unpropitious moment for our revelation; if our grotesque surmise touch on the truth, and Miss Julia be indeed fiancee, she will not care to share the honors of the situation with one so fair and sweet and young. No, cherie"—with a tender squeeze of the slim white hand—"we will keep our secret yet a little longer, and then——"

He lifts his eloquent eyes to the blue sky from which the gorgeous coloring of a little while back has gradually faded, until only a few faint pink stripes linger to tell of the departing day, as though he called all the powers of the air to testify to the rapture that must follow that "and then."

Cressida sighs and yields the point—yields because obedience to any sort of constituted authority comes to her both by training and by nature—sighs because she has an inborn hatred of deceit; and, gloss it over as they both may, she feels there is something of treachery in this unacknowledged engagement to Miss Smerdon's handsome French teacher; but the conviction is only strong enough to make her unhappy; it neither stirs her to frank speech and action nor saves her from the terrible trouble to come.

"I must go now," she says with abrupt decision, which this time he does not controvert; "I am to see Miss Smerdon and Miss Julia and have a long talk with them to-night."

"Which you will retail to me to-morrow," Isidore says persuasively. "Yes, my best beloved, you must see me to-morrow—you must; you shall not go until you promise"—drawing her to him with a sudden fierceness that thrills and startles the shy girl. "Promise, Cressida, and I will release you!"

And of course Cressida does promise, and is set free, to rush away, blushing, half angry, but altogether dominated and subdued to his will.

It is not exactly the farewell he had planned; the white arm should have clung around his neck, the blonde head rested on his shoulder, the sweet brown eyes have been upraised to his in pathetically eloquent appeal against the cruel fate that severed them so soon; but, on the whole, he is very well content with things as they are.

"She is a beauty!" he says as he watches the slender gray-clad figure moving towards the house. "She will be more beautiful still. Just Heaven! To think of a creature like that leading a life of drudgery as under-governess in a second-rate suburban school! Thy good fortune was at hand, Isidore, my friend, when thou camest to teach French in the Misses Smerdon's finishing college for young ladies!"

He lifts his soft hat with an elaborate flourish, as he rolls off the title of the red-brick house with more than a touch of mockery.

The soft light falls upon the bare graceful head, and searches out each secret of the handsome face; and it is a face of many secrets, young as it is; a contradictory face too for, even while the dark eyes burn with an ardent passion, the full well-chiselled lips under the small pointed moustache part in a strangely cynical smile.

In the meantime, while Monsieur St. Just is strolling homewards through the scented dusk, smoking a cigarette rolled by his own deft and delicate fingers, and calmly reviewing the aspect of affairs, Cressida, with the blushes still lingering on her face, and a heart still throbbing with indecorous haste under the shabby gray bodice, is timidly knocking at the door of the Misses Smerdon's sitting-room.

"Come in!" says a sharp thin voice; and the next moment she stand in the doorway dropping her schoolgirl curtsey and waiting her instructress' commands.

"You are very late, Cressida! At least ten minutes beyond the appointed time," Miss Smerdon says, with a severe look at the big marble clock on the oak sideboard; and Cressida, guiltily conscious of the cause of the delay, can only hang her head and inwardly pray that they will not ask what has kept her.

And they do not.

Miss Smerdon scolds mechanically, because it has been her custom for more than thirty years to rebuke unpunctuality as the gravest of crimes, and habit is strong with her still; but she is not really angry, being in truth, too much preoccupied for any strong emotion of the kind.

She and her sister sit at either side of a very business-like writing-table, littered now with many spoiled sheets of letter-paper and a large pile of sealed and directed letters.

Miss Julia's sharp-pointed steel pen goes scratch, scratch over the paper still.

Cressida, standing like a culprit awaiting sentence, watches its progress with a kind of fascination and a growing wonder in her large brown eyes.

Never in her life has she seen Miss Julia so busy.

The sisters are not much alike in features dress, or manner; the elder is a gaunt heavily-made woman, with the worn and weary look peculiar to those who have spent the best years of life in the thankless drudgery of teaching.

Her large and rugged features are lined and wrinkled, her hair is a dull iron-gray, something the color of her neat merino dress.

She is not in reality much over fifty, though a stranger might take her to be between sixty and seventy.

Miss Julia, on the other hand, battles energetically inch by inch with encroaching time, and will yield no vantage to the enemy.

She is eight or ten years younger than her sister, and dresses as youthfully as Cressida Leigh.

She is a very small woman, with a neat figure, tiny hands and feet, and a rather large head, or a head that looks large, because the thin golden hair, of which Miss Julia is inordinately proud, is frizzed and puffed out till it makes a broad aureola of glory for the wizen, waxen-tinted little face.

Miss Julia is wearing a white muslin dress, through which her thin little shoulders and meagre arms are only too plainly to be seen; she has drawn an azure ribbon through the gleaming golden "fuzz," and bound her scrap of a waist with a sash of the same bright hue.

Altogether, gaily as she loves to dress in a general way, she has outdone herself to-night, and Cressida stares at her with innocent dazzled eyes, and mentally recalls Isidore's lately-uttered words—"I think Julia Smerdon imagines herself in love."

"Sit down, Cressida," Miss Smerdon says, mechanically rapping the desk with her paper knife, as she is wont to do when recalling the wandering attention of one of her school-classes. "Sit down, child; there is something I must tell you to-night, but I hardly know how to begin."

She rubs her wrinkled forehead and sighs wearily, as Cressida drops into the big chair feeling greatly relieved by the words "something to tell you."

She is not to be scolded then, and she can listen with a heart at ease.

"I daresay you think us very old women, Cressida," Miss Smerdon begins grimly; but she is not destined to proceed far in her oration, for, at the very first words, Miss Julia's pen ceases to scratch, and Miss Julia looks up, with two scarlet spots on her shrivelled little cheeks.

"I wish you would not talk in such a ridiculous fashion, Harriet," she says tartly. "I am sure Cressida has no such—such improper and uncivil ideas. Or, if"—with an airy toss of the little blue-filleted golden head—"if you persist in making yourself out a veritable antique, I am sure she remembers there is a century or so between us."

"Well, never mind the age, Julia," Miss Smerdon says, a little irritably. "With or without a reason, I daresay Cressida, who has spent her whole life in this school, imagined that we should keep it on and she find a home in it forever."

"Then she was a very foolish ignorant girl," interpolates Miss Julia severely, and scratching away at the unoffending paper with as much energy and satisfaction as though it were a Census-taker's face.

But neither of her companions needs the interruption.

Miss Smerdon leans forward on her elbows, with her big chin pillowed in her joined palms, and wonders why the young face she questions with haggard, not unkindly, eyes, is suffused with that sudden guilty glow.

And Cressida?

Cressida's heart seems to stand still as she ponders the abrupt question.

She has not thought that all her life was to be spent in the dull school-house that has been her only home.

For her there is Isidore and all the golden hopes and fancies that spangle round her handsome lover's name.

But that Misses Smerdon should ever abandon the Beech House College for Young Ladies—that was a wild imagining that had never crossed her mind.

"Did you think we should be here always?" Miss Smerdon repeats; and the thin shrill voice puts the question not ungently. So Cressida gathers courage, and says frankly enough—

"Yes; I thought you would always keep the school; and then——"

"Then you were foolish and selfish and short-sighted, as selfish persons always are," Miss Julia interrupts, flinging down the pen and drawing her small person up with much dignity. "If you had exercised either brain or heart, Cressida Leigh, you would have foreseen the contingency of my marriage."

CHAPTER II.

"MY marriage!"

There is something so theatrically triumphant in the emphasis with which the fantastically-attired, withered little spinster hurls the crushing announcement at Cressida's astonished head that a grim smile creeps round even Miss Smerdon's sternly-set lips, and it speaks well for the heart and brain Miss Julia disparages that the girl does not laugh out-right loud.

She does not however, though she catches her breath and bites her rosy lips a little sharply, and the eyes that gleam beneath the long curled lashes are suspiciously bright; but she says, with blunt sincerity, at which even Miss Julia cannot be offended—

"I never thought of it; but then I am so stupid. Dear Miss Julia, ought I to wish you joy?"

"Certainly, since you are so kind!" says the bride-elect graciously, but with tremendous dignity, as of one who knows she must not condescend too far; and she pats down her blue bows by way of smoothing her ruffled plumage. "But in my new sphere you must not think I shall forget old friends; I shall always think well of you, Cressida—always!"

"It was not your future, but Cressida's, we came here to talk about," Miss Smerdon interrupts, with a disapproving look at the frivolous old face simpering girlishly over its blue ribbons and be-ringed fingers. "I am sure I don't know what is to become of the child!"

She rubs her hands in much perplexity, and Miss Julia goes slowly back to her writing.

Life holds for the younger Miss Smerdon one supremely interesting existence, and some thousand others that do not even trouble her thoughts.

Cressida clasps her hands with a little cry, and again that tell-tale flush creeps upward to the roots of her pale golden locks.

"Oh me," she cries quickly. "Do you mean to break up the school, to go from her at once?"

"Yes, it must be so. Julia is to be married on the first of July to Mr. Osborne, whose home is in Australia, and when they go to that home they take me along with them."

Miss Smerdon is a hard, soured woman, and has never suspected herself of a sympathy before; but she turns her head a little on one side, and jerks out the words that turn the friendless orphan girl out of the only home she has ever known without once looking into the victim's face.

But Julia is troubled by no compunctious misgivings; she looks up with a becoming blush at the mention of Mr. Osborne's name, and, turning to the dumfounded girl, chirps out a cheery commentary on her sister's words.

"Yes, the wedding is to be on the first. Not much time for a trousseau, is there? I call it quite shocking to hurry a poor little woman so over such an important business; but what will you do?"—with a grotesque little parody of a Parisian shoulder-shrug. "Men are so impatient!"

"Well, John Osborne has waited patiently enough," the elder sister interrupts, with a dry significance that wins anything but a grateful glance from the younger—for pose as romantically as she may, Miss Julia knows in her heart that her little world will hardly be disposed to look upon her marriage as other than a very commonplace affair.

The John Osborne of the present is a stout, grizzled, jovial-looking man, with a shining bald spot on the crown of his head, a smiling ruddy countenance, and comfortable rotundity of figure; and, though Miss Julia's eyes can gaze upon the visions of the past, and see John Osborne as he was twenty years ago, slim and eager, and sheepishly in love with the doll-like little creature, she cannot make others regard him with her eyes.

But he has come back to her, the impecunious lover of her youth has come to lay his fortune at her feet.

True he has been a little long about it, true he comes now a widower, encumbered with three sturdy boys and a couple of half-grown girls.

But he has come; all the disagreeable accessories sink into the convenient background of Julia Smerdon's mind, and only the one great glorious fact of her conquest remains within sight.

All this, and much more, Miss Smerdon tells the astonished Cressida, who is too bewildered for much speech; and the elder woman seems to find an intense relief in pouring out her harassed thoughts to this deeply-interested and patient listener.

"It was a great surprise to me, Cressida," she says, rubbing her hair is with the old perplexed and irritable action Cressida remembers so well. "I was as sure as you that the school would be our home, and yours too, child, so long as we could carry it on, of course I knew that John Osborne had always admired Julia, from the time when he was a hobbledehoy, who never could be made to stay in old lawyer Osborne's office; but I never dreamed that, after making a fortune and marrying, and burying a wife, and bring up a family, he would come from the other side of the world to marry Julia, after all. But the things you don't expect are always the things that happen; and so Mr. Osborne drops from the clouds one day and coolly pops the question."

"He must have been very fond of her,"

Cressida suggests, as Miss Smerdon pauses, while the idea that any one, man, woman, or child, should be "very fond of" frivolous affected Julia is so strange that it seems almost a mockery.

"Oh, as to that, he is a faithful sort of creature!" Miss Smerdon says, with a certain unconscious friendly scorn for the absent lover. "Whatever he cared for in his youth he cares for now, old places, old things, and old people. The day after the engagement he said to me candidly enough—

"'I hope I shall make you two girls happy at the other side of the world, Harriet'—he calls us girls still, Cressida; what can you expect from a man like that?"

Cressida laughs, and shakes her bright head in lieu of an answer.

In truth she thinks the man must be demented who applies that title either to the fantastic little coquette or the grim gaunt woman before her.

But Harriet does not resent that laugh, her eyes twinkle a reponse indeed, as she goes on gravely—

"Of course I thanked him for his good will, and said I would not saddle him with another helpless woman, that I could very well keep on the school; but he would not hear a word of that.

"'Look here, Harriet!' he said, coming close up to the table where I sat at work, and fingering his big cable-chain rather nervously.

"'We'll have no more of that, if you please; my home is going to be yours for the rest of your life, and, to set your mind at ease, I will tell you the real state of the case. I won't deny to you,' he went on, growing suddenly red in the face, and turning the contents of my work-basket over in the most reckless fashion, "I won't deny that I was just a little disappointed in Julia when we first met. Of course time had stood still with her in my thoughts, and I wanted the bloom and freshness of twenty years back.

"In fact, I was unjust enough to think her a little old-maidish and affected, poor soul; but that was my fault, of course, and has nothing to do with the present matter;" he added, with a sudden fierce look, as though he defied me to contradict him, which I had not the slightest idea of doing. Seeing this, he finished more mildly, and in a very feeling manner.

"'What I mean to say is, the marriage will be a good thing for us all, for me and my children, who are all at sixes and sevens, with no mistress at the head of a big house; for you two, who may have some peace and comfort at the end of your days, i. you did not get it at the beginning, I could not find it in my heart and conscience to go back to Australia and leave you two girls toiling for your daily bread!'"

"What a good, kind man," Cressida cries with a little thrill of unselfish enthusiasm. "I am sure you will be glad to go, Miss Smerdon! I am sure you will be happy in Mr. Osborne's house!"

"That's as may be, child," is the doubtful answer. "If I am not, it will be from no lack of kindness on his part, for, if ever a good man lived, he is one. However, the offer is one I cannot afford to refuse, for I am getting an old woman, and the new-fashioned teaching is just a little beyond me; and, when I cease to teach, I may as well cease to live, for there will be little enough for me to live on; but, Cressida, have you thought how all these changes will affect you?"

Cressida does not answer the question immediately.

Slowly but surely she is realizing, with a sinking sort of chill, that the gates of the past—the gates that shut in her innocent untroubled childhood—are closing forever behind her; that she is standing, breathless and trembling, upon the threshold of a new strange world.

Beech House is to close, the Misses Smerdon are to pass away to another hemisphere, and be known of her no more.

It has been no very pleasant home; but it is the only one she has ever really known.

They have not been kind or tender guardians; but they have grimly parodied all the sweet and sacred ties of life to the orphan girl, and she clings to them now with a passion that surprises herself.

Whether she stands literally alone in the world or has some claim on some one's love and protection Cressida Leigh does not know, and the Misses Smerdon are as ignorant as she.

Thirteen years ago, her young mother had come to Beech House College as a lady-boarder, bringing the little girl of three as a pupil into the school.

But her stay was not a long one.

The hand of death was on the fair girlish brow of the young widow, whose soft pathetic eyes touched Harriet Smerdon's heart with an unwonted pity; and in less than a year she had quietly passed away from a world that had been too hard for her.

"You will keep my little Cressida," she had said with her last faint breath. "There are a few hundreds—that will pay you till she can teach in her turn—my poor baby! —it is all that I can do for her!"

It was not a charge Miss Smerdon much cared for; but she was a kind-hearted woman in the main, and she could not look into the eyes over which the film of death was gazing and refuse the most earnest prayer.

Moreover, as Miss Julia suggested, the immediate hundreds would come in useful in the hand-to-mouth existence of a small struggling school.

And so Rosamond Leigh passed away almost contentedly, leaving her child in the safe sanitor of those grimly-folded arms; and the little Cressida became a part and parcel of Beech House Academy, and grew up therein, knowing nothing and less than nothing of the world that lay beyond its walls.

It has been a dull gray life, brightened only by a sunny nature and the flower-like fancies of healthy youth; but, now that it is all to end, it grows suddenly pathetically dear—Cressida forgets that she herself has in a measure broken from it, forgets Isidore St. Just and his lately-declared passion—forgets all but the sharp pain that sets her pretty lip quivering, and makes the slow heavy tears roll down her pale cheeks and fall drop by drop, on to her clasped hands.

"Don't, child!" Miss Smerdon cries, in tones of sharp remonstrance; and she rises and paces the dimly-lighted room in a Napoleonic attitude of agitation, her large head bent forward, her arms crossed behind her back. The sight of that woe-begone white face stabs her like a knife-thrust, and the slender dejected figure introduces a new element of doubt and discord into her well-matured plans. "If you cry so—if you take the matter like that, I will not go!"

Her energy at once calms and frightens Cressida. She rouses herself with a vigorous effort, and smiles bravely through her tears.

"It was only for a minute. I was a great coward she says apologetically. "You have made all your arrangements, then?"

"All but those that concern you," is the gloomy answer. "Julia talks of putting your name down at a governess agency or recommending you to a private family; but——"

The color flushes again over Cressida's pale face, and she says rapidly—

"Don't let my future trouble you——"

"Don't talk preposterous nonsense!" is the tart answer, while Miss Smerdon rubs her hands more vigorously and flicks a stray teardrop from her stubby gray lashes, "You might as well tell me not to breathe, child! When we are away, and the house shut up—— No, I can't do it!" she adds, rising and stamping her foot with sudden determination. "The desertion would be too base and cruel! Your mother would come back and haunt me!"

Cressida stares at the excited woman with eyes of wildest wonder.

Is it really Miss Smerdon, her hard unsympathetic task-mistress, who is thus oddly moved?

Are those tears that glitter in the heavy lustreless eyes?

Is it a sob that shakes the sharp dictatorial voice?

Cressida's breath comes faster, her heart is strangely thrilled and touched; she feels as though a veil had dropped suddenly from her eyes, and she saw the woman to whom she has rendered hitherto a loveless obedience in a wholly different light.

"If the school-life could come over again she would only be too glad to please this Miss Smerdon, Cressida thinks; but the school-days are passed and all done with now.

"Oh, you may well look puzzled child!" Miss Smerdon's voice is sharpened by the painful agitation of her thoughts, for nature is unkind in every way to the poor schoolmistress in whose aspect even sentiment grows shrewish. "I never seemed to care for you—I dare say you hated the cross old woman who worked and worried your life out."

"No, no!" Cressida interrupts remorsefully; but Miss Smerdon nods her old head.

"Little blame to you, if you did child; but I tried to do my duty, and keep my promise to your poor young mother, though I did it in a very grudging fashion, indeed, I admit."

And now the large hand tightens with sudden energy on the girl's slender shoulder, the rugged face grows almost noble in its look of renunciation and resolve.

"No—Julia and her husband must go without me; I will not leave you friendless and alone."

All Cressida's frank and generous nature thrills in quick responsive answer to the generous words; her fear of the woman and her promise of secrecy are alike forgotten as she flings her warm young arms round the withered neck and sobs out the confession that will set Harriet Smerdon's mind at rest.

"I am not alone, nor friendless; I am to marry Monsieur Isidore St. Just!"

CHAPTER III.

THE words are far from having the reassuring effect that Cressida Leigh expected.

Miss Smerdon repeats them in anything but a delighted tone, and unclasps the clinging arms energetically, so that she may more easily survey the brightly-blushing face.

What she reads there seems to startle her still more.

If Cressida had been six, instead of sixteen, she could not be more utterly surprised than she is by the idea that she should have taken to herself a lover, and be calmly looking forward to her married life.

"Julia is too old decidedly," she says irritably. "I do not counsel any one to wait too long; but you—— Why child, you're not out of your short frocks yet!"

And she glances at the short gray skirt beneath which the pretty feet are all too plainly shown; then as Cressida flushes a little indignantly, her thoughts fly off at a fresh angle.

"Isidore St. Just, too!" she repeats, as though there lay some cause of offence in the syllable of the pretty un-English name. "I've no great opinion of Frenchmen, and I've no great opinion—— What did he mean by filling your little fool's head with his ridiculous romance?"

Cressida Leigh is loyal above all things, and Miss Smerdon is wounding her loyalty now.

Mere personal abuse she has borne, and will bear patiently enough; but there must be no fault found with her lover.

"You must not say that, Miss Smerdon," says bravery; and her look is so composed and womanly that all in a moment the thought of love and marriage in connection with little Cressida grows less and less absurd in Harriet Smerdon's eyes—becomes indeed a possible, though startling solution of her difficulty. And, while she turns it over and ponders it, Cressida stand before her with linked hands and proudly-lifted head, speaking still in her lover's defence. "Mr. St. Just has done nothing wrong; he found me very lonely, very friendless, as he thought—and as I thought till to-night," she adds, with a shy side-look that brings a remorseful pang to Harriet Smerdon's heart. "He pitied my loneliness; he was very, very kind to me."

"I dare say; men usually are kind to faces like yours," Miss Smerdon comments in a judiciously-inaudible grunt. Aloud she says with sudden determination—

"Well, never mind the preliminaries, child the long and the short of the matter is—you and my French master have fallen in love with one another. "Isn't that it?"

She takes the little nod and rosy glow for a sufficient answer, and goes on crossly—

"Of course! I wish old Dupont had the decency to keep his rheumatism at bay. Nobody ever fell in love with him, and, to do him justice, I never heard of his trying to turn a schoolgirl's head."

"Miss Smerdon!" Cressida interrupts, such burning indignation in her look and tone that, cross and troubled as she is, the school mistress cannot keep back a faint smile.

"Oh yes, I know!" she continues grimly. "poor old Dupont took snuff, wore a scratch wig, and had not half a dozen teeth in his old jaws; but he was the soul of honor. And his handsome fascinating deputy—— Well, never mind; I am not going to say any more now. Monsieur St. Just wants to marry you soon?"

A very faint hesitating "Yes" drops timidly from Cressida's red lips.

"What means has he—what position to offer you?"

Cressida rounds her bronze-brown eyes in simple wonder.

If Miss Smerdon knows nothing of her French master's ways and means, her own ignorance upon the point is by many degrees blanker still.

He is kind and handsome, and he loves her.

These salient facts are all she knows or cares to know of the man into whose charge she is about to commit her life.

"I do not know," she says, in a childishly-apologetic tone—for she reads in the other's face that she has in some way acted foolishly. "He did not say anything about—about that sort of thing, and of course I did not ask him."

"But I will," Miss Smerdon says, drawing her desk before her as he speaks; but Cressida, with a flash of remembrance that pales her lately-blushing face, lays one slim hand upon the thin arm clad in the merino sleeve.

"Pray do not do that," she cries quickly; "he will be so vexed! He told me——"

"To keep his affair a secret—not to trust me?" Harriet Smerdon finishes, with a flush of righteous indignation. "Then the more reason that I should call him to account. No, child"—raising her hand, with the old imperative gesture Cressida Leigh has always unquestioningly obeyed—"you are only wasting breath—I am your guardian, your mother's representative, and I shall act for you here, whether you like it or not. If Isidore St. Just is an honorable man and a gentleman, he can marry you when John marries Julia, in my presence and in the face of the world; if he is not—well, the sooner you are quit of him the better."

"But Miss Smerdon," Cressida interrupts tremblingly.

"But—you go to bed, child," is the prompt answer—"go to bed, and leave me to manage my own business in my own way."

She is so much the imperative awe-inspiring schoolmistress of the old days that Cressida, who, despite her avowed love and projected marriage, is at heart a timid schoolgirl still, dares not even venture a remonstrance.

She creeps away, feeling very small and snubbed, despite the novel grandeur of her engagement, to the little white couch that stands lonely now in one corner of the big deserted dormitory; and making up her mind to a night of wakeful agony, quietly cries herself to sleep almost as soon as her golden head touches the pillow.

And, in the meantime, with infinite pains and labor, Miss Smerdon composes the letter that is to bring Monsieur St. Just to the point.

When it is written, she reads and re-reads it with a very dissatisfied look.

"I have been plain enough at least—that is one comfort;" and she folds the paper with an impatient sigh. "I ought to be glad—I shall be glad if all turns out well. Her mother could ask no more than that I should leave her in her husband's charge; but—I wish it had been an Englishman—some one I knew and could trust. But there—there"—pushing her chair back with vicious energy, as though it were a disagreeable thought—"it's no good wishing; I wonder what he will say to my letter?"

What Monsieur St. Just does say, when over his matutinal coffee he peruses the carefully-concocted epistle, would assuredly shock and startle the modest spinster ears that are wholly unaccustomed to the more jarring and dissonant chords of masculine speech.

The Frenchman's handsome face grows almost black with passion, certain delicately marked veins on his brow and temple swell ominously, fine lines round the curved lips and cruel-looking eyes develop themselves with curious distinctness, changing the whole character of the face as completely as though a mask had suddenly dropped and revealing something that augurs ill for the future of anyone who might chance to be at Monsieur St. Just's mercy.

"Little fool—little wretch!" says Cressida's lover, pacing his snug bachelor apartment in a fury, and cruelly kicking from his path the pretty black-and-white kitten that, a minute or so back, was purring luxuriously on his knee, that seeks now to show its gratitude by rubbing its sleek head against his ankle. "Little idiot! Could she not obey me even for an hour? My faith, she shall pay for this some day!"

There is a savage menace in the words that are ground out through the short gleaming, white teeth; but Monsieur St. Just's fury seems to exhaust itself in the rapid walk and in the running fire of maledictory French and English that accompanies it.

When he comes again to the table, throws himself back in his lounging-chair, and rolls a cigarette with delicate untrembling fingers, his face, though a shade paler, is composed and tranquil; there is even an odd triumphant smile flickering in his dark eyes and curving the corners of the full mobile lips, whose eloquent play the small pointed moustache does not serve to hide.

"Oh, but she is subtle and skilful, this gaunt schoolmistress!" he says, sipping his cold coffee with disproportionate relish, and coaxing back that offended kitten to her perch. "She guards her lamb well; she will bind the wolf down under pains and penalties; she will chain him with a lock and key—a tamed animal on the domestic hearthrug! How clever she is and how prudent! What wolf can hope to baffle her—the astute demoiselle Smerdon?"

Then he calmly surveys the dark beauty of his face in the little mirror that hangs between the windows.

"The poor wolf!" he says, pursuing some loop-line of his previous train of thought, as he turns from the glass with unabated complaisancy. "All the world opposes itself to him—all the world upsets his predatory plans. Who can complain, then, if the poor ill-used and suspected animal assume for the nonce the lion's hide, and make his enemies the dupes of their own ignoble cunning? The lamb has so many defenders, the poor wolf finds no champion save himself."

It is not a reassuring soliloquy; but Monsieur St. Just's appearance is anything but wolf-like when a little later, he enters the dingly-furnished drawing-room wherein the two Misses Smerdon and Mr. Osborne are assembled to receive him.

It is a formidable phalanx, but it abashes him not one whit; he has made up his mind what part he will play, and is perfectly indifferent as to the audience he plays to; they are certain not to appreciate the fine finish of his art, he thinks, with a contemptuous shoulder-shrug, as he surveys the too-anxious faces before him.

{TO BE CONTINUED.}

HAND-TO-HAND.—A few days ago a gentleman in the west of this state named Floyd, went alone with his dog into the woods, a few miles from his place, to get a shot at a large bear some lumbermen had seen the day before.

The dog found the track, and started the bear out of a swamp. It made its way up a steep ridge, and disappeared in the cavity of the rocks.

Floyd followed to the spot, and built a fire of hemlock boughs in the mouth of the crevice to smoke Bruin out.

The opening was a large seam in the rocks, which had another opening a few feet away, and while Floyd was busying himself building the fire the bear emerged from the other opening, and was half way to the top of the ridge before either the hunter or his dog discovered it. The dog started in pursuit, and the bear sought safety by climbing a chestnut-tree. Floyd took a position under the tree fired, and the bear came tumbling to the ground. The dog closed with the wounded animal, but was almost instantly killed.

Knowing that the wounds must be mortal, and that the bear would succumb to them in a short time, Floyd concluded that the wisest plan for him to pursue would be to betake himself to a place of safety and await Bruin's approaching dissolution, without risking anything in a hand-to-hand encounter.

But the thoroughly aroused and infuriated animal prevented the hunter from carrying out his prudent policy by pressing him so closely that he could not escape.

One blow on the bear's head with the gun shattered the weapon, and Floyd found himself obliged to stand up within reach of the bear's claws and defend himself with his short-handled axe.

It was give and take for some minutes, at the end of which time the hunter's clothing was almost torn from him, and he had received several flesh wounds.

The bear was fast growing weaker. In stepping back to avoid a blow from one of its paws, Floyd caught his heel in a root and fell to the ground.

The bear tumbled after him, and fell partially on his body. Floyd said he must have lost consciousness from pure fright, for he remembered nothing else until, suddenly coming to his senses, he found himself exactly where he fell, and the bear lying dead by his side.

PARTING.

We stand beside the little gate,
Hand clasping hand, my love and I;
The winds are hushed, the hour is late,
And we have met to say good-bye!
Never a solitary bird
His wing above the river dips,
As we repeat the saddest word
That ever fell from human lips.

'Mid tender sighs, 'tis breathed at last;
I seek to draw my hand away;
But oh, my darling holds it fast,
And love's fond pressure bids me stay.
Dear loving hand! so strong, so brave,
In locks of mine no more to lie,
Or deck my tresses for the grave,
As I have hoped in days gone by.

Ah, gentle hand, that never more
Shall lead me o'er each rugged rock!
At evening, on our cottage door,
How welcome was your well-known knock.
We cannot smile, my dearest, now,
Our future seems so full of care;
There is no brightness on my brow,
There is no sunlight in my hair.

Go, dearest, go, before the weak,
Fond promptings of thy breaking heart
Show through the pallor of thy cheek,
And bid the tell-tale tear-drops start.
Go, darling, go! my hand release!
'Tis duty pleads—shall we rebel?
Nay, love, be firm, and go in peace:
We part, because we love so well!

A Wife's Martyrdom.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A BROKEN WEDDING RING," "THORNS AND BLOSSOMS," "WHICH LOVED HIM BEST?" ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MOST certainly," agreed Sir Hal. "The girl has a right to enjoy her life and her wealth too."

"She will enjoy both so far as I am concerned," said the Captain.

"Vance," observed his friend, "you must change your tactics. This will never do. You must turn over another leaf; you must take more care of Lady Laura. What a misfortune it would be for you if she were to die! Suppose she fell ill to-morrow and died in a few days, where would you be?"

The Captain looked up with a startled face.

The prospect of such a sudden change in his circumstances had never occurred to him.

"You are altogether on the wrong road," continued his friend. "Instead of making your wife miserable, as I see you do, instead of crushing her and making her heart ache you should be all that is kind and loving. Make her happy, if you would prolong her life and enjoy the benefit of her great wealth."

"There is no reason in what you say, Hal," agreed the Captain; "but there are limits to human patience."

"Never mind human patience," rejoined Sir Hal. "Patience has nothing to do with it. Think of what you have at stake. If your wife dies, you will be left comparatively a poor man—and to my thinking she looks more likely to die than to live. Think of what you are doing before it is too late."

And those very unpleasant words sounded in the Captain's ears all day.

* * * * * *

"If your wife dies, you will be left a comparatively poor man."

No matter what other sounds came to the Captain's ears, these words were paramount.

A poor man! He had run through two fortunes, he had no expectations of money from any other source, and his tastes were more luxurious and extravagant than ever before.

He could not live on a small income; and he felt that he deserved blame for not having been kinder to his wife and more careful of her.

It was a grave mistake on his part, he admitted to himself.

But his thoughts wandered to other contingencies. If Angela died, and his fragile delicate wife followed her, then the position of affairs would be quite different.

He would be free, and the property would be his.

Free! At the word his heart beat with a quickened pulsation. He knew what he should do with his freedom.

He should go straight to Gladys Rane and ask her to be his wife.

He closed his eyes as though the better to realize the possibility of such a thing. Master of a splendid estate and free to marry Gladys.

He gave himself up to the contemplation of freedom and wealth with Gladys by his side.

If it were but a reality, instead of a dream! Yet the dream might be realized if Angela died!

The time came when the whole of his life was regulated by those words—"If Angela died."

His mind dwelt forever on them. They greeted him in the morning; they never left him all the day; they seemed to hover round his pillow at night—"If Angela died.

There were times when he looked at his step-daughter so strangely that the girl herself was half terrified.

Gazing at her steadfastly, he would weigh the chances of her early death; but the healthy robustness of the girl always seemed to forbid such an expectation.

He had no pity for the sweet young life that stood in his way.

Had she been dying, and could he have saved her life by raising his finger, the handsome, smiling, suave gentleman would not have raised it.

He saw in her nothing but a barrier that stood between him and his interest. He wanted her out of his path, and, in his cold, cruel selfishness, he cared little by what means his purpose might be served.

He could manage the mother well enough he thought, even now.

A little fondness and a little flattery, with a great pretence of giving up Gladys Rane for her sake, would go a long way. But with the noble innocent girl he had no influence; and he recognized in her straightforward honesty that she was more than his match.

He could not deceive her, and it was galling to him to remember that he had never been able to do so.

"If Angela dies!"

He found himself repeating those words a hundred times each day, and mentally determining what he would do in that case. If ever the property became his, he had made up his mind as to many things.

If Angela died, if the fragile, unhappy wife followed, there would be a career, a future before him; and Gladys—dark beautiful Gladys with the passionate eyes—she would form part of that future too.

Then for a few days the Captain would shake off the thought. Angela was young, healthy, and likely to live as long as or even longer than himself.

But suppose she met with a fatal accident? She might be drowned, she might fall from some great height, she might by some misadventure take poison, a hundred unforeseen things might happen. There was no end to the list of accidents that might befall any one.

The next time he looked at her there was a new expression on his face.

"You make me feel uncomfortable by looking at me in that fixed fashion, Captain Wynyard," she said at last.

"Do I, Angela? Still you should not deny me the pleasure."

"But what are you thinking when you look at me in that way?" she asked.

"Many very pleasant things," he replied, turning away.

With fiendish cruelty the Captain wondered what would be the effect on her mother if Angela met with a violent death.

In all human probability, he told himself, she would die too.

With such thoughts gradually strengthening their hold upon the Captain, the autumn passed, and then winter followed with its snow and ice.

Meanwhile visitors came and went, and still the tide of gaiety ebbed and flowed through the old halls of Rood.

Still that one hope dominated the Captain's life, the hope that Angela might be removed from his path.

The smiling debonair grace disappeared from his face, the lines of it grew deeper and longer, and at last its expression became cruel.

His friends noticed how changed the Captain looked, and wondered what had happened to him.

All that had happened was that he had brooded in silence over a cruel thought until it seemed to have become part of his nature, till it so far influenced his whole nature that it had changed the very expression of his face.

As the days passed, as they grew darker and colder, so his demeanor seemed to change with them.

The master of Rood Abbey went about with a gloomy face, absorbed in thought, for the shadow of a great crime was over him.

The winter was a severe one; the cold was intense, and all the lakes and pools round Rood Abbey were frozen, the river that ran on the Hetfield being in some parts covered with ice.

The prevailing pastime therefore was skating.

One morning, when Captain Wynyard came down to breakfast, he found his newspaper lying untouched on the table. He unfolded it, and almost the first thing he saw was a paragraph headed—"Fatal Accident at Newton Mere."

It related how a young lady out skating with some friends at Newton Mere had met with a sad end.

She had been told which part of the mere was safe, and where it would be dangerous for her to go.

She had evidently mistaken the directions for she went to that part of the mere where the alder-trees bent over the ice, against which she had been especially warned. Either she had mistaken the locality or the directions, for she tried to cross the mere, and so get to the alder-trees.

The thin ice at once gave way, and, before the unfortunate young lady could be rescued, she was dead.

Some impulse made the Captain fold up the paper and take it to his study, lest any one else should read the account and it should become a subject of comment. He read it over and over again with ever-increasing interest.

This was an accident, a pure accident, which no one could help or avoid; and the sufferer was a young girl.

If an accident like that could happen to one girl, why not to another? Who could say anything if it did?

With skating there was always a certain amount of risk and danger; even the cleverest and most skilful skaters came to grief at times.

The visitors at the Abbey wondered on that day what had become of the Captain. Instead of going out in the morning, as usual, to skate, he remained in his study. When he appeared at luncheon, his face was dark and grave, and in the afternoon, instead of joining the company, he disappeared again.

The next morning the Captain seemed more like himself. It was not often that he addressed Angela voluntarily; but he did so during breakfast.

"You like skating, Angela?" he said interrogatively.

"Yes; it is my favorite amusement in winter. I enjoy it even more than dancing. I like the sensation of seeming to fly through the frosty air."

"There will not be many of us this afternoon," he said; "the Delaneeys cannot come. We shall hardly number enough to have a quadrille on the ice."

"I do not care for quadrilles," she said. "I like a long straight sheet of ice and a swift run."

"Then you shall go to Hetfield Pool," he decided. "There is a straight run of quite half a mile, and it is completely frozen."

"Is it safe?" asked Lady Laura, lovingly regarding the sweet face of her daughter.

"Safer than our lakes and ponds are, and of greater extent," he replied. "The ice is quite thick. We will go there to-day."

But, when the time for starting came, there were but four in the party—the Captain and Miss Rooden, with young Squire Arden and Lady Bell Norton, who were staying at the house.

"We are going to Hetfield Pool to-day," said the Captain. "We will drive there, then we shall have more time on the ice."

There was a strange restlessness about the Captain, although he endeavored to assume his usual light-hearted jovial manner.

Arrived at the pool, he helped Lady Bell to put on her skates, and would have done the same for Angela, but she declined his assistance.

Then Lady Bell started, the young Squire following her closely.

There was a curious gleam in the Captain's eyes, a livid line round his lips when he said—

"Angela, if you want a long stretch of good ice, go towards the bend of the pool near the willows there. It is quite safe."

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE afternoon sun shone bright and clear on the frozen surface of Hetfield Pool.

It added beauty to the tall trees with their bare frosted branches, to the frozen fields and hills, to the glittering sheet of ice which was thick and well able to bear being skated upon, except near the bend of the pool, where the willows grew.

There the ice was so thin it would hardly have borne the weight of a child. The sun shone also on the fair flying figure of Lady Bell, whose costume of black and crimson velvet trimmed with rich fur contrasted vividly with the whiteness around her, on the young Squire who was in quick pursuit of her, and on the lovely face and figure of Angela, whose face just then was bright with expectation; it shone too upon the livid face of the man who stood near her. When ready to start, Angela turned with a smile to the Captain.

"Which way am I to go?" she asked.

At first he hardly heard the words, for a thousand voices filled his ears, all with the same cry which had haunted him so long—"If Angela died!"

"Which way did you say, Captain?" repeated the clear sweet voice of the girl.

His own was hoarse and unnatural when he answered—

"By the bend of the pool where the willows grow."

Then, with light, fearless, graceful action, she sped over the glittering surface. For a few seconds he watched her with a livid face and eyes that gleamed like fire; then he turned away, going as fast as he could in another direction.

There was a minute of perfect silence, a minute that was like eternity to him, and then what he expected came—a shrill terrible cry—once, twice, thrice, and after that all was still again.

Lady Bell stopped in her flight; the young Squire paused in his warm pursuit of her.

Veering round, they came hastily to the Captain, who, when they reached him, was standing still, with a ghastly face and a bewildered air.

"What is it?" they cried. "Where is Miss Rooden?"

Once more over the ice came the shrill agonized cry for help.

The Captain seemed unable to speak. He gasped rather than cried—

"Angela!"

"Where? Tell me cried the young Squire. "Quick! She may drown while we stand here! Which direction did she go?"

"I do not know," stammered the Captain; "I did not see her. There, by the firs, I think. She said something to me, laughed and flew off like a bird."

"The cry did not come from the firs," said Lady Bell. "Oh, Captain," she added, in an agony of fear and entreaty, "let us go towards the willows! The sound came from those by the bend there. Let us go to her rescue!"

"That is the very spot where I told her not to go," replied the Captain quickly. "Benson told me this morning that that was the only unsafe part of the pool."

"Safe or unsafe, I shall go," declared the Squire.

"You will be drowned!" cried the Captain.

"I cannot help that!" shouted the Squire as he skated away to the treacherous spot. "I shall not let a woman drown if I can save her!"

He hastened away; but he soon found that Benson's statement was correct. The ice was thin and cracking in all directions near the willows.

Then, as he drew nearer the bend, he saw a great hole in the ice, and he knew that Miss Rooden had fallen through.

It seemed impossible to save her, even should he reach the spot and plunge in after her; he saw nothing but death for her and death for himself.

While he lived Squire Arden never forgot the unutterable agony of that brief moment.

But, like a true gentleman, he did not fear death when there was the life of another at stake.

All the courage, the daring, the bravery of his race rose within him. He skated as far as he could along the ice, then crashed through it and made a determined plunge into the chilling waters.

There was a prayer on the young fellow's lips as he made the plunge; but it was not for himself.

Presently the Captain approached the spot. There was no one to be seen.

A guilty thrill ran through every nerve. There was a minute of intense emotion, during which it seemed to him that the blue wintry sky met the glassy ice of the pool—a minute in which he said to himself with a very fierce throb of exultation, "Drowned!" A lifetime seemed to pass in that brief interval, while the wind bore a thousand voices to him crying exultantly, "Drowned!"

There surged through his brain a wave of almost delirous delight; at that moment, in the presence of death almost, Captain Wynyard saw wealth, freedom, and Gladys Rane within his reach.

Then his quick eyes detected a movement in the water at some little distance from him.

The ice was broken near the willow-trees and it was there that he saw something struggling.

He could not reach the spot from where he stood; but he could skate to the nearest bank, and hasten thither by land.

When he reached the bank, he tried to take off his skates.

Was it the trembling of his hands or the reluctance of his will that prevented his doing so quickly? Was it fear that made his face grow ghastly, his eyes lose all their light?

Before he reached the spot, he saw a vigorous arm breaking the thin ice that barred the way; then an almost exhausted voice called out to him for assistance.

Immediately afterwards he saw Squire Arden strike out boldly for the bank, bringing with him the drooping figure of Angela Rooden.

Another moment of fearful suspense passed, and then Squire Arden cried out again, and the Captain hastened to his assistance.

"Is she dead," he gasped out quickly—"dead?"

They laid the unconscious girl on the bank.

The Squire placed his hand over her heart, and the Captain, unable to utter a word, watched him with wild inquiring eyes.

"She is not dead; I can feel a faint beating of the heart!" cried Squire Arden. "Have you any brandy?"

Why did he hesitate to answer "Yes," and bring out the flask of silver and crystal that had been one of his wife's first gifts to him?

Squire Arden cried out again very impatiently—

"Have you any brandy?"

Yes, the Captain had some; and the Squire snatched the flask from his hand and held it to the white lips closed as if in death.

"She is reviving!" he cried. "Thank Heaven, she lives!"

At that moment Lady Bell, who had hastened to the bank and then made her way along the edge, came quickly to Angela's assistance.

A cry of pain and fear fell from her ladyship when she saw the silent figure on the grass.

She knelt down by her friend's side, and did everything she could to restore animation; while the two men stood by, one hoping that the fair young girl's life might be spared, the other as earnestly hoping for her death.

Then, after a little time, to the unspeakable joy of Lady Bell and the Squire, Angela opened her eyes.

"You have saved her life, Squire!" cried Lady Bell enthusiastically. "You have acted bravely!"

"I simply did what any man would do—what I would do again twenty times over if necessary," said the Squire; and both his listeners thought his voice was broken with emotion.

After a few moments of bewilderment, Angela spoke.

"It seems," she said slowly, "as though I have been dead, and have come back to life."

"You lost consciousness, Miss Rooden," said the young Squire kindly. "You will be all right soon."

"Did you save me?" she asked, looking up with child-like innocent eyes into his face.

"Yes, with the help of Heaven," he answered simply.

She caught his hand between her own and kissed it.

"I thank you," she said; and the few words meant much. "I wonder," she went on dreamily, "how it happened?"

The Captain's face was ghastly pale to see.

"I was flying along," she continued, "and I remember thinking how delightful it was. All at once there was a terrible crash, and I was in the water. I remember crying out; and then the ice seemed to shut me in."

She gave one very long look at the Captain.

"I thought," she said, "you told me to go the bend of the pool near the willows?"

He had expected this, and was ready for it.

"No, my dear," he answered: "you misunderstood me. I told you not to go near the bend of the pool. Benson warned me about it this morning."

The wondering eyes lingered on his pale face.

"Are you sure?" she said. "I thought you told me that it was quite safe, and that I could go."

"No, just the contrary," declared the Captain. "What a terrible mistake! We may be thankful it is no worse."

"It was a mistake that very nearly put an end to Miss Rooden's life," said the Squire gravely.

But none of the three had the least suspicion of what had brought about the accident.

Angela implored them not to let Lady Laura know anything about it.

"If mamma knows," she said, "she will never let me skate again."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE accident was not referred to the Abbey lest Lady Laura should be alarmed. Two of the maids were informed of what had happened, but they kept the secret.

Lady Bell was thoroughly alarmed, and could not be induced to go upon the ice again.

To Squire Arden the accident was a puzzle, and he could not conceive how the misunderstanding had arisen. He decided in his own mind that both Captain Wynyard and his step daughter were to blame. The Captain should have spoken more plainly; Miss Rooden should have been more careful about the directions given to her.

"If I had not been there, she would have been drowned," he said to himself; "nothing could have saved her."

But no suspicion of the terrible truth ever crossed his mind.

Angela thought a great deal about her mishap.

She was certain that the Captain had said to her, "Go to the pool where the willows grow."

She could not have mistaken him.

One fine spring morning the Captain suggested a row upon the lake.

"The water is quite tempting this morning," he said. "Laura, you should come. I have been on the lake, and found it so delightful that I have come expressly for you."

This little act of kindness and attention delighted Lady Laura and brought a rush of color to her pale face.

"I will go with pleasure," she replied. "I should like it, for I have not been on the lake since last autumn. You will come too, Angela?"

The gleam of pleasure on her mother's face so delighted Angela that she would have done anything the Captain wished.

The water was pleasant, the sun bright, and the air balmy.

Lady Laura was for a while quite her old self again.

The Captain exerted himself to amuse her.

"It's fine exercise, Angela," he said. "You should learn to row."

"I can row," she replied. "When I was a little child, papa taught me, and I used to row with him."

"Row with me now," said the Captain; and he gave her a scull and told her where to sit.

Lady Laura was pleased to see this. "If he would only take more interest in Angela!" she thought to herself.

She little knew how great was his interest in Angela.

"You could not have better exercise than this, Angela," said the Captain.

"You could not have better exercise than this, Angela," said the Captain. "I have had two of the pleasure-boats repaired and re-painted. There is a third in the boat-house, one better than this. It shall be got ready for you and called The Queen of Rood."

Angela was pleased with the idea, though somewhat surprised by the perseverance with which the Captain continued to give her lessons.

"You will be competent to row at Henley," he remarked laughingly to her one morning; "you manage a boat capitally."

"Is there any danger?" asked Lady Laura, who was always nervous about her daughter.

Angela and the Captain both laughed at the idea of danger.

"I am taking pains to teach Angela how to manage a pair of sculls properly, so that there shall be no danger in her taking the boat out alone," replied the Captain.

Angela kissed her mother's pale face.

"If there was any, I would not go, mamma, for I would not alarm you."

So morning after morning the Captain went down to the lake and gave Angela lessons in rowing, Lady Laura occasionally accompanying them.

Then the time came that the girl required no more lessons, but could row to any part of the lake without assistance.

Angela was fond of the water, and it soon became quite a habit of hers to go upon the lake every morning.

She would row to one or other of the little islands and take her books with her. To her poetical dreamy nature solitude was full of charm.

April, with its violets and snowdrops, was come, and again something seemed to shroud the Captain's life in gloom; again all his high spirits deserted him, again morose and sudden melancholy seemed to take possession of him.

"He is longing to see Gladys Rane," sorrowfully thought his unhappy wife, as she noticed the change that had come over him.

It was a brilliant morning; the sun shone brightly, the odor of violets filled the air, pale yellow primroses dotted the emerald surface of the islands, all nature was looking its fairest.

There were a few visitors at the Abbey.

Lady Bell was still there, and a friend of the Captain's, Major Norton.

On this morning Lady Bell remained in her room—she had a bad headache—and Major Norton had gone out with the intention of riding over to Hetfield.

Lady Laura took her breakfast in her room.

Angela had therefore to go through the ordeal she detested—taking breakfast alone with the Captain.

He read his newspapers the greater part of the time, but occasionally exchanged a few words with her. Suddenly he looked up at her.

"Angela," he said, "I had almost forgotten to tell you. The Queen of Rood has been done up, and its looks a thoroughly smart little craft. I prefer it to any of the other boats. You should try it this fine morning. I would accompany you, but I am going over to Caton Hall. Get Jones to help you with it; for an hour or two on the water will do you good."

The Captain seemed very kind and solicitous about it.

But Angela remembered afterward that he never looked at her while speaking, and seemed nervous and hesitating in his manner.

He appeared to be anxious for her to go, yet, while the servants were in the room, he gave her many warnings and directions.

To them it seemed as though the Captain was very solicitous about their young mistress, and as though she were on the point of doing something which he rather feared might be rash.

This was the impression left by the Captain on the minds of the servants, so artfully had he chosen his words in their presence.

He rode off to Caton Hall, and Angela went down to the boat-house, where Jones, who had charge of the boats, was in attendance.

"I will have the new boat this morning, Jones," she said—"The Queen of Rood."

"All right, miss," returned the man, touching his cap. "It is not a new boat, but it is quite as good. It has been put into thorough repair and done up beautifully. You need have no fear, miss. I looked it well over yesterday when it came, and I had it on the river last night for an hour or two."

"I am not afraid," said Angela. "How prettily it is painted! And I like the name, The Queen of Rood."

A few minutes later the little boat was ready; and away went Angela over the shining water.

How beautiful it was!

The trees were budding on the little islands, the birds were singing, the water was so clear that she could see the blue sky and the white fleecy clouds reflected in it.

She rowed along swiftly, enjoying the freshness of the morning.

The lake was an unusually large one, and very deep—indeed it was the largest sheet of water in that part of the county. She had reached the centre when suddenly—and to the end of her life Angela never forgot the terrible pang of fear that came to her—she felt water rising round her feet. She bent down, and found, to her utter dismay, that it was coming in rapidly from a hole in the bottom of the boat.

At first she did not realize the full danger of the situation; the idea that ran through her mind was that one of the planks had in some way or other become loosened.

She stooped down and placed her hand where the water seemed to spring up most quickly, and there, to her horror, found that there was a large hole in the boat.

The little craft was right when she entered it, she knew, and had been right for some time afterward.

Now quite suddenly, without any apparent cause, it was filling with water.

What should she do?

She was naturally brave and courageous, but for a moment she lost her presence of mind.

She looked toward the shore, but she was far from it, and Jones was out of sight. The nearest island was at some distance, and, before she could reach either the banks or the island, the boat would sink through the weight of the water.

She gave a piercing cry for help; but there was no one in sight.

Faster and faster the water rushed in, and she could feel the boat momentarily settling deeper and deeper.

She saw that there was no hope of saving her life, for she could not bale out the water, neither could she row the boat to land.

In a moment the full sense of her danger came to her, and she uttered another loud and piteous cry.

It did not seem to reach human ears, for there was no response.

The water had by this time half filled the boat, and it was gradually sinking.

"I have to die!" she moaned. "Oh, Heaven—oh, mother—I have to die!" In another few minutes the boat must sink, and she should never see her mother's beloved face again.

Another long sharp cry floated over the water, and this time the cry of distress caught the ears of one who hastened in the direction from which it proceeded.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

MAJOR NORTON had not gone to Hetfield, after all.

When he had ridden two or three miles, he remembered suddenly that he had started without the very article he intended to take.

There was nothing for it but to ride back to the Abbey and get it. Vexed with himself for his own stupidity, he rode very quickly.

The shortest route to the house, but one seldom used, was through the grounds skirting the end of the lake, and it was whilst taking this short cut that he heard a sharp ringing cry, as of some one in terrible distress.

He rode swiftly in the direction whence it proceeded, and, as soon as he came in full view of the lake, he perceived what had happened. He saw Angela in the boat, and he saw that the boat was rapidly sinking.

It was but the work of a minute to dismount, to jump into one of the little boats lying close at hand, to seize a pair of sculls, and to fly as it were over the water to her assistance.

But although the Major made the utmost haste, he was only just in time.

In another moment he would have been too late.

As it was, he was barely able to catch the disappearing figure as the boat sank—sank to the bottom of the lake, endangering the safety of his own as it did so. During the trying ordeal Angela had borne herself bravely; but she trembled violently now, and clung nervously to her rescuer for some minutes.

"I thought my time was come to die," she said slowly.

"You could hardly be nearer death than you have been," returned the Major, for he knew how narrow her escape had been. "How did it happen?" he asked, as he seated her in his boat.

"I do not know," she replied.

"We must make haste," said the Major. "You are wet through, and the water is cold. Do not fear; you are all right and safe now. We shall soon be at the house. Thank Heaven I did not go on to Hetfield! My dear Miss Rooden," he added, solemnly, "if I had gone straight on my way, you would have been drowned."

"Drowned!"

The word distressed her, yet she knew what the Major said was true; and, as in a dream, all the details of the accident at Hetfield Pond came back to her. It flashed across her mind that this was the second time that she had been dragged as it were from the jaws of death.

The Major rowed with powerful strokes, and the boat seemed to fly over the water.

"This is the second narrow escape I have had within the last few months," Angela told her rescuer. "I said nothing of the first, lest my mother should be alarmed. I do not think," she continued, with a shudder, "that I shall ever go on the water again."

"I cannot make out how it happened," the Major said. "It was the boat which was brought home only yesterday, The Queen of Rood, was it not?"

"Yes; it was the new boat," she answered slowly.

"But I saw Jones with it on the river last night," said the Major; "it was all right then."

"It was all right with me at first," she remarked. "I was half across the lake before I knew there was anything wrong; then I felt the water rising round my feet."

"Thank Heaven I did not go to Hetfield!" repeated the Major.

"I can only imagine," said Angela, "that part of a plank had been repaired, and that the wood had not been properly secured."

"But it was all right enough when Jones had it. If there had been anything seriously wrong, he would have found it out," declared the Major.

"Perhaps he would if he had used the boat an hour longer," suggested Angela. She was sorely troubled and perplexed over this second accident, though she could hardly tell why.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE WISE CHINAMAN.—Confucius was once addressed by his own son as follows: "I apply myself with diligence to every kind of study, and neglect nothing that could render me clever and ingenious; but still I do not advance." "Omit some of your pursuits, replied Confucius, "and you will get on better. Among those who travel constantly on foot have you ever observed any who run? It is essential to do everything in order, and only grasp that which is within reach of your arm; for otherwise you give yourself useless trouble. Those who, like yourself, desire to do everything in one day, do nothing to the end of their lives; while others, who steadily adhere to one pursuit, find they have accomplished their purpose."

IN China a man can obtain a divorce from his wife if he can prove that she is jealous.

Scientific and Useful.

WIRE LATHS.—The use of wire netting of about a half-inch mesh for lathing is found to be a preventive of fires in buildings. The mortar is said to guard the wire from rust; but plaster of Paris is oxidyzed owing to the action of the lime sulphate on the metal.

STEERING.—The newest thing which electricity proposes to do for us is to steer vessels without any attention being necessary on the part of the man at the helm. The needle of the electric automatic compass, by opening and closing the circuit, keeps a ship on the course laid down without any intervention. All that is necessary is to set the compass, and the true ship makes a true line for port.

RUBBER STAIRS.—The iron treads of the stairs to the New York elevated railways having worn smooth and slippery, a rubber covering containing rungs of iron has been adopted after trials of different covers. Similarly the slate stairs of the Brooklyn Bridge have been armored with a mosaic of maple-wood cut against the grain. The wood is made more durable by boiling it in linseed oil under pressure until the pores are filled with the oil which dries there.

WATER GAS.—Experiments have been recently made in Paris to produce gas from water by passing steam over glowing coke, thus producing hydrogen and carbonic oxide. The latter is then mixed with steam in another red-hot retort, and changed into carbonic acid, while more hydrogen is produced. The latter is purified by means of lime-water, and used as lighting-gas. In this way it is thought that a purer and more constant illuminative gas can be obtained for domestic use than ordinary coal-gas.

VACCINATION.—Doctor Gayton, an English physician who is believed to have had wider experience in smallpox than any living authority, has published his analysis of 10,403 cases which have come under his observation. Among patients showing perfect marks of vaccination the mortality was but 2.07 per cent. Among those whose marks were imperfect the mortality rose to 9.37, the patients whose marks of vaccination had entirely disappeared suffering to the extent of 27.18; while of the unvaccinated no less than 43.70 per cent. died.

LIFE-BUOY.—A recently invented life-buoy has, as a novel feature, a seamless brass reservoir running entirely around the inside, which is filled with oil through a hole in the top, which is then covered by a cap which screws on. On each side of the upper part of the oil tube is placed a rose—similar to those placed upon sprinkling cans—so that when the life-buoy is hung upon the vessel's stern no oil can escape. But the moment it is placed horizontally liquid begins to escape, and covers the sea with a thin film of oil, spreading out rapidly on every side until a large circle is formed, within which the person who has fallen overboard may rest until rescued by the boats.

Farm and Garden.

TOO DEEP.—Sod is not to be ploughed too deep in the spring, bringing soil to the surface that has not been benefitted by exposure to the air and frost.

FEEDING.—The Ontario Experimental Farm, finds, after nine years' experimentation, that a bullock gained on permanent pasture 2.04 pounds per day, at a cost of two cents per pound, and that this was the cheapest of the twenty ways of feeding tried.

TURKEYS.—Turkeys should not be confined to be fattened until about ten days before they are to be sold. They will gain rapidly in flesh for about ten days, but after that time they begin to lose flesh, owing to becoming restless and uneasy from confinement.

DRAINING.—Draining can be carried to excess, and often, perhaps, on account of certain peculiarities of the soil and surroundings, be of no benefit to the land, but these cases are few, and much more draining could be done to advantage on almost every farm.

INSECTS.—If the soil contains insects, in the pupa state, they will be more likely to be destroyed if turned up and exposed to the frosts of winter. Many species of insects enter into the pupa state but a few inches beneath the surface of the earth, relying upon the soil and sod above them to protect them from such a degree of feeling as would destroy life. If they are turned up to the surface, most will probably perish.

SILK WORMS.—One ounce of silk worm eggs, under favorable circumstances, will produce from thirty to forty pounds of dried cocoons, which are worth from seventy-five cents to $1 per pound. A family can raise the worms from one to three ounces of eggs if plenty of food is at hand. The time required for raising a crop of silk varies from twenty-eight to thirty-five days, according to race, temperature, quality of food, etc.

A SELF-OPENING GATE.—A device for opening a gate by means of treadles, which can be operated by driving one wheel of a vehicle over them when placed in the roadway, has been recently patented. The treadle when depressed operates a bar and lever and throws the gate out of the vertical plane, so that it swings open of itself, as it were, an remains open until the vehicle passes over a second treadle, when it closes of itself. Doors may be worked in the same way.

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Life's Greatest Step.

There can be no doubt that the most important step in life is that of marriage. And yet there are some few men, no doubt, who, early in life, make up their minds that they will never marry. They are not domestic in any way. They have a positive distaste for the society of women. The sight of a group of romping children brings no smile to their faces; a family to them means simply so much annual expenditure. And there are a few, no doubt—a very few—who, having loved and lost, refuse to allow themselves to think of love again. They hug their sorrow—most of them, at least—until, long after its edge has been blunted by time, it has become a sort of pleasure. They could not do without the solace which they derive from the contemplation of their own exceeding faithfulness.

Putting aside those who are bent upon celibacy, it may be said that every unmarried man between twenty-five and five-and-forty is in search of a wife. He may not know it, he might stoutly deny it; but such is the case.

He never hears of a friend's engagement without wondering when that happiness will be his; he never sees an ill-conditioned matron without thinking how different his spouse will be; he never sees an uncommonly attractive girl but something whispers to him: "This may be she."

There is always someone who, for the time being, a man regards with more tenderness than he does the rest of her sex. We do not for a moment mean to say that every unmarried man who intends to marry some day is constantly or actively engaged upon the quest for one whom he can love. But unconsciously he brings all the marriageable maidens he meets to the lofty standard of his ideal.

It is not to be wondered at that men who go about the world in this frame of mind, seek for a wife for years together, and that when they do marry, they somehow or other mate with those who are as unlike their ideal as could be.

There are girls of striking beauty or grace of demeanor with whom every man who sees them falls in love, after a fashion. (Sometimes it is as easy to fall out of love with them as to fall in.) The man whom such a girl marries may safely tell her that he fell in love with her the moment he saw her; but if she had married Mr. A., Mr. B., or Mr. C., they would have had exactly the same story to tell.

The ordinary course is that a man meets a girl whom he finds a pleasant and sympathetic companion. He admires her for her intelligence and the sweetness of her disposition, and by-and-by he discovers that she is essential to his happiness. Meantime, in a hundred little unconscious ways he has allowed the girl to see that he admires her. He proposes, and is accepted; and it is then that love, properly speaking, begins. It may be that the young lady does not in all points come up to the ideal standard of which we have spoken; it may be that the maiden's secret dreams have been of some hero of romance of very different appearance from that of the commonplace individual she has promised to marry. But he is her own, the captive of her bow and of her spear—that is, of the gifts and graces with which nature has endowed her, and, above all, he loves her; while the lover, on his side, learns to know his betrothed as she is, to love her for herself, and to forget his standard altogether.

Most men in their search for a mate despise this manner of wooing as altogether too prosaic and commonplace. They will marry someone whom all men must admire. They demand beauty, or at least grace of carriage and "style."

They are not satisfied with gentle delicacy of feeling; they must have one who has been accustomed to good society; they, in a word, look for attributes, not for essentials. They forget that the more a girl has been admired the more she has been made to think of herself; and that the more her thoughts have been centred upon herself, her good looks, her amusements, her prospects, the less will she be able to care for another, and another's interests and pursuits.

They forget that what a man wants in a wife is primarily a companion; that after twelve months of married life husband and wife feel to each other very much as two brothers or two partners in some enterprise.

When a partnership is for life, it is worth while to make sure that the partner is one that is worth having; and, after all, that which makes a man or woman worth having is large-heartedness—generosity of soul. The finest jewels have not always the fairest caskets—a well-worn truth enough, but one that many a man will only learn from experience which comes too late to be of much use.

No man who has not tried it understands how restful it is to play with the baby. In the civilization of our time one of the commonest wants is something to beguile the time of one set of men, or while away the cares of another set, from cares of business or politics, or whatever the ordinary work may be. To this numerous class, including both the wearied and the bored, we say, "Play with the baby." Not the baby in arms, but the young animal man when it has arrived at the age which in its life matches the time when puppies gambol foolishly, or the kitten plays with its tail. Who can tell how much we miss by not knowing how to "play with the baby?" We are always thinking that children are noisy and rough, that they make impertinent remarks, and leave doors open, or bang them. Just so; but this is exactly why so much pleasure is to be got out of them if we try to rise to a comprehension of their nature and feelings. It is not their fault if they are disagreeable to us, but our own fault, and misfortune, too, if we are dull to all the beauty and loveliness of their charming tricks and follies. Some unhappy beings never know real childhood, and they lose a great deal of innocent pleasure in consequence.

THERE is not the remotest or little corner inlet of the minute blood vessels of the human body that does not feel a wavelet from the convulsion occasioned by good, hearty laughter. The life principle, or the central man, is shaken to the innermost depths, sending new tides of life and strength to the surface, thus materially tending to insure good health to the persons who indulge therein. The blood moves rapidly, and conveys a different impression to all the organs of the body, as it visits them on that particular mystic journey when the man is laughing, from what it does at other times. For this reason, every good, hearty laugh in which a person indulges tends to lighten his life, conveying, as it does, new and distinct stimulus to the vital forces. Doubtless the time will come when physicians, conceding more importance than they now do to influence of the mind upon the vital forces of the body, will make up their prescriptions more with reference to the mind, and less to drugs, for them; and will, in so doing, find the best and most effective method of producing the desired effect upon the patient.

SLIGHT though the ticking of a clock may be, its sudden cessation has a wonderful influence upon the inmates of a room in which the time keeper is located. A dim realization of something wrong steals over the senses—a feeling as if something of value had been lost, or a friend had gone away perhaps never to return, or as if some of the children were sick, until suddenly some one looks up and exclaims: "Why, the clock's stopped!" And immediately the ill defined forebodings dissipate, the little shadow of gloom melts away, and as the winding-up process is completed and the cheery ticking recommences, the family circle regains its wonted buoyancy of spirits, and the members wonder what it was that made them feel so gloomy a few moments before.

As we grow older our ideas of age strangely change. To the girl in her teens, the riper maiden of twenty-five seems quite aged. Twenty-two thinks thirty-five "an old thing." And thirty-five dreads forty, but congratulates herself that there may still remain some ground to be possessed in the fifteen years before the half century is attained. But fifty does not by any means give up the battle of life. It feels middle-aged and vigorous, and thinks old age a long way in the future. Sixty remembers those who have done great things at threescore. It is the desire of life within us which makes us feel young so long.

OF the 2,640,000 women in occupations in the United States, 595,000 are engaged in agriculture, most of them colored women in the Southern States; 332,000 are in manufactories, of whom about only one-half are in New York, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania; 282,000 are milliners, etc.; 50,000 are tailors. Of the 44 occupations recorded as "personal service," 40 find women in them. The 525 female surgeons of 1870 have increased to 2,473, the 7 lawyers to 75, the 65 clergymen to 165. The number of laundries has increased from 61,000 in 1870 to 122,000, and of the latter 108,000 are kept by women.

IF we are content to do or to avoid certain things merely because we are compelled to do so; if we secretly wish that the constraint were removed, so that we could bound back into opposite courses; if our hearts refuse their allegiance to what our hands seem forced to do—then we may be sure that we are not preparing for the law of liberty which awaits all who are able to value it. Good laws and intelligent obedience are the porch and entrance through which we must pass to dwell in the larger and freer courts of liberty, where a heartful, loving loyalty will hold us closer to the right and the good than all penalties, or terrors, or restraints.

THE virtues which we all respect and admire are chiefly composed of efforts to secure the happiness or—which is the same thing—the well-being of ourselves and others. Honesty, fidelity, patience, charity, justice, benevolence, all contain as their main essence the happiness of those with whom we mingle. And the duty we owe to ourselves—healthful living, purity, industry, economy, self-development, are all such as will add to our power for good, to our social value, to our self-respect, and, therefore, to our permanent and truest happiness.

NONE of us know the power of temptations which may assail us, or the degree of strength we shall have to resist them; we can neither fathom the influence of inherited tendencies, nor see how future events are to shape our course. But we can all form a fair general idea of what is right to be done; we can all cherish a conception of a pure, virtuous and beautiful character, of just, generous and noble conduct, and strive to conform our daily life to our highest ideal.

THERE is no greater danger, and there is no greater evil, in home life than the all-too-general habit of giving way to passing moods of ill-temper. Families feel that they are too closely united to part for small differences, hence they allow small discords to grow into large ones. This is a sad mistake; the need of home courtesy, home politeness, home restraint, is one which presses everywhere and always alike.

THE savage lurks so near the surface in every man that a constant watch must be kept upon the passions and impulses, or he leaps into his war paint.

The World's Happenings.

A Sioux chief finds the bicycle a handy machine.

Three-dollar gold pieces were coined in this country in 1854.

A pointer dog was sold, recently, at High Point, N. C., for $2,700.

Pennsylvania coal, anthracite, is sold in the city of Mexico at $25 a ton.

Platinum wire may now be drawn so fine as to be invisible to the naked eye.

The libraries of New York are said to be infested by well-to-do book thieves.

A Bucharest artist has spent ten years in decorating his room with postage-stamps.

There are 15,000 people living in polygamy in Utah and the bordering territories.

An Ohio farmer claims to have developed a breed of chickens which lay two eggs a day.

There are 248 cities and towns in the United States having a population of 10,000 and upwards.

Cremation in Paris will soon be available for the general public at the small cost of $2.50 for each operation.

The annual income of a Baltimore chiropodist is $10,000. He is employed almost exclusively by the wealthy.

There are some thirty postoffices mentioned by a Washington letter-writer as paying their incumbents less than $1 a year.

The football season in England has been in progress long enough to produce two deaths, besides a number of broken limbs.

The Penobscot Indians, who number about 500, have a representative, Mr. Nicholas, in the Maine Legislature. They are all Catholics.

A good idea is that started by a London paper—the raising of a fund to purchase Christmas toys for children in the hospitals and workhouses.

It is only a few years since the pointer dog of a New York politician was on the pay-rolls of the New York Custom House drawing salary as a clerk.

Dr. Lee Sing Sung, recently of San Francisco, has hung out his shingle in Boston, modestly announcing that he be "can cure diseases where all others fail."

The Sabbath is held in such great respect at Thurso, Scotland, that the cemetery is not allowed to be opened on that day. Even burial is considered a desecration.

The work of tracking and returning prisoners who escape from the jail at Yuma, is entrusted to Indians, who, it is said, succeed in almost every instance.

The lads of Wichita, Kansas, celebrated Hallowe'en by taking two wagon-loads of gates off the hinges and piling them against the doors of a local school-house.

There is a law in the Argentine Republic making it an offense, punishable by imprisonment, to offer for sale the photographs of beauties, professional or otherwise.

In order to make the recent marriage of a couple in the Arctic regions appear romantic, a Western paper added that the ceremony was performed on an iceberg.

Herr and Frau Zilinck, of Leipsic, recently announced to their friends and acquaintances in the columns of a daily paper, that a girl—their 20th child, had been born to them.

A pious Buffalonian proposes to chain a Bible to each telephone in the country, so that while waiting for replies the telephoners will have something to read of a nature to repress profanity.

A murderer has escaped conviction in the Ware, Ga., Superior Court because the indictment charged him with shooting his victim in the right shoulder, whereas the wound was really inflicted in the left.

In a pack of cards with which two Chinamen had been playing poker at Stockton, recently, were found five aces, eight kings, six sixes, and so on, showing that the Mongolians understand the intricacies of the game.

An attempt to punish an unruly boy in a Holyoke, Mass., school last week, brought on such a general fight that the police had to be called in to quell it, and the teacher and two pupils were marched off to the station-house.

Woodstock, Conn., had what is called a swell old-fashioned husking, recently. Guests came from Boston and New York, the invitations were printed on corn-husks, the grounds lighted by pumpkin jack-o'-lanterns, and 225 bush. of corn were husked.

An arrangement has been made in Worcester, Mass., whereby the books in the public library are placed at the disposal of school children during the regular school hours, and are freely loaned to teachers and scholars in connection with their studies.

A tramp printer to whom the editor of a Northeast, Md., journal gave twenty-five cents two years ago, acknowledged the kindness the other day by an editorial on Maryland hospitality, in a prosperous Minnesota paper, of which the ex-tramp is now editor and proprietor.

So great have been the underweight swindlings of bakers in England, that, by a late court decision, those who peddle bread in carts are obliged now to carry a pair of scales with them. Much better is the Turkish plan. They tack the baker up to his shop-door by the ears, so that his toes will just touch the ground, and furnish him with a razor, so that he need not hang there a second longer than he wants to.

At Victoria, B. C., recently, there died a man who had for a while received much sympathy as a victim of highway robbers. He was found suffering from a pistol-shot wound, and explained that highwaymen had "cleaned him out." It afterwards transpired, however, that, having lately married, and spent his money on his honeymoon trip, he had resorted to this method rather than disclose his financial condition to his wife.

AT THE END.

BY M. F. GILL.

Summer's freshness fell around us,
  Nature dreamed its sweetest dream,
Every balmy evening found us
  By the meadow or the stream,
With our hearts as free from sadness
  As the sunshine heaven sends;
Youth's bright garden bloomed in gladness,
  Where we wandered—only friends.

Not a word of love was spoken,
  Not hot blushes flushed in red;
Love's first sleep was left unbroken,
  Bitter tears were never shed.
We were young and merry-hearted,
  Dreaming not of future ends,
And without a sigh we parted:
  Fate had made us—only friends.

But a little germ of sorrow
  Wakened in my heart's recess,
When I wandered on the morrow
  By our hearts of happiness.
And this germ found deeper rooting
  As the weary days wore on,
Till I felt a blossom shooting
  In love's garden all alone.

No kind fate threw us together,
  We had missed the lucky tide;
Golden-gilded summer weather
  Not for ever doth abide.
But for me, though vainly sighing
  For a love, time never sends,
Still is left this thought undying,
  We, alas! were—only friends.

A Purse of Gold.

BY K. S. MACQUOID.

"IS it all right, Miss Waterware?"

"Quite, thank you—thank you very much," replied Rhoda, counting the little pile of golden sovereigns, and placing them with trembling fingers in an old purse empty before, which she returned to the depths of her pocket.

"In six weeks' time then, Miss Waterware—five weeks from next Monday."

"Oh, yes, I shall not forget; I shall be sure to be punctual," said Rhoda, looking at the principal with a bright smile. "I am very much obliged to you, Mrs. Bent."

Mrs. Bent smiled back again.

She liked this young teacher of hers very much; she liked the fair, pretty face, the pleasing manners, always gentle and ladylike, the cheerful, patient temper. "I hope you will be able to take a little holiday yourself, my dear," she said, "You should go somewhere for a change, if only for a week or two."

"I should like to, very much. I don't know what papa and mamma will say; but with all this money, I think we can go somewhere," added the girl. "Good-bye, dear madam. I hope you will enjoy your stay at the seaside;—and I thank you once again."

She set off with the brisk step of elation towards her home, a roomy, old-fashioned farm-house on the outskirts of the little village, which was called Setley.

She was only an out-door governess in Mrs. Bent's school, and she took this same walk morning and night.

Captain Waterware was very poor.

Close upon his retirement from the army, when he was looking out all ways to see what he could find to do, to eke out his narrow income and bring up his flock of children, this small farm fell to him by the death of his uncle.

He took up his abode in it, and turned farmer.

It was but genteel poverty at the best. With all his exertions and his industry—and Captain Waterware did not disdain to work as hard as any of his men—he could not, somehow, "make it pay."

His eldest son John, a tall, well-grown handsome young fellow of one-and-twenty was on the farm also, hoping for better things some day; and, twelve months before this present time, Rhoda, then eighteen, had presented herself to Mrs. Bent, hearing that lady wanted a teacher.

Tired of the straitened means at home, the want of ready money for pretty new hats and neck-ribbons, and also conscientiously wishing to do something towards her own support, Rhoda applied for the situation without having consulted any body.

What Mrs. Bent wanted was a sort of general help to herself—to go in by day; to hear lessons, set plain work and teach it, grind the multiplication-table into dunces, sometimes give the music lessons, to be altogether Jack-of-all-trades.

The pupils were young and few in number.

Rhoda accepted the situation: she was to be there in time for breakfast every morning, and to return home at eight in the evening.

The amount of salary she was not quite clear about; but thought Mrs. Bent had mentioned ten pounds, to be paid yearly, before the Midsummer holidays.

And when, on this day we are writing of, Mrs. B. put into her hands a hundred dollars it seemed to the happy girl like a shower of gold.

Her feet seemed hardly to touch the grass, for she took the field way this warm afternoon.

"One hundred dollars!" she repeated to herself in excitement; "I wonder what I can spend it in? What a lot of things it will buy for all of us!"

She forgot how hardly she had earned it; all things looked color of rose.

She thought not of the weary toiling and teaching, or of the cold walks in the dark mornings and the darker nights when the snow lay on the ground, and the sharp wind buffeted her, and the bitter frost struck her face.

That was winter; this was summer—in more senses than one.

It is well that the one should replace the other.

Her straw hat taken off and hanging on her arm, Rhoda passed gleefully on, leaving the cares of this wicked world behind her.

A nearly six weeks' holiday, and twenty pounds to spend in it!

She seemed to tread on roses.

Roses were in her cheeks, rosy were her lips, and she stopped a moment to pluck a cluster of wild roses from the hedge to toy with.

Pink and white flowers nestled at her feet, starry ferns lay ready to her hand, green leaves rustled in the summer breeze.

Drooping elm trees and shading oaks held their arms above her; blue forget-me-nots peeped out at her as she passed; and the yellow light of the afternoon sun glinted through the foliage to gild her pale brown hair.

"How sweet everything is!" she cried, dancing along. And, who, to see her, would have supposed her to be Mrs. Bent's staid teacher, that sat in the church with the little girls to keep order on a Sunday? "And I have a lover, and he loves me dearly," she softly whispered to her own heart. "And I wonder what he will say to all this money? A hundred dollars to do what I choose with! One hundred dollars! All my own—mine! I could throw them in the fire if I liked; I could change them into notes and make spills to light papa's pipe with."

And what a glad laugh she gave!

"Go out for a holiday, said dear Mrs. Bent to me; and how good she is, when I have often thought her stern and cross! Ah, if I could take one! The world is before me where to choose and go—if only I could choose and go—as other girls go whose people are richer than we are! I can wear my best frock every day now if I like, and buy new ones; I could buy new hats for Dolly and Kate; I could buy a new silk for mamma; I could go off to some charming watering-place, and mix with all the fashionable people. Oh, what could one not do with a hundred dollars! I will consult with mamma; I'll ask Dolly."

The clock was striking five when she reached home, and they were about going to tea.

Rhoda poured out the money on the table. Her brothers and sisters flocked around with eager faces, not presuming to touch it. Rhoda's was the most eagerly excited face of all.

She had never seen so much money in one heap in all her life, still less possessed it.

"What can I do with it all mamma?"

"Put it in the bank," interposed Captain Waterware. "I will place it there, Rhoda, in your name; it will be a pretty little nest egg for you"

Rhoda's face fell.

"Oh, papa!"

"That would not be enjoying it," smiled Mrs. Waterware, a plain, quiet, patient woman. "I expect Rhoda wants to experience the felicity of spending it."

"I have worked so hard for it," pleaded poor Rhoda.

"Suppose you buy a new carpet for the best parlor, Rhoda, the old one is so shabby," suggested little Kate. "A beautiful green ground, with roses and lilies on it."

"And a blue-and-red border round it," added John quite gravely.

"O, yes!" said Kate, taking it in; "and, John, she might buy a new gold watch and chain. You called your old silver one a turnip, yesterday, you know!"

"Buy a new croquet-set, Rhoda," cried one of the little boys. "Is it all real gold?" bending closer to the glittering heap.

"Couldn't you buy me a writing-desk, Rhoda?" whispered Dolly.

"Couldn't you buy us the sun, moon, and stars, Rhoda?" asked Stephen, who was hoping to get to college sometime, and thence into the Church.

"Be quiet, you children," said Captain Waterware. "As Rhoda says, she has worked hard for the money, and it shall be spent upon herself—if it is spent at all."

The mother nodded approvingly.

"To begin with, my dear, you must have a new silk dress. It had better be black: that does for all occasions."

"I do want one rather badly," admitted Rhoda.

"You want other things badly also, child. Suppose you put down a list?"

Rhoda was about to act on Mrs. Waterware's suggestion there and then.

She put her hand in her pocket for her pencil, and drew out a small paper parcel.

"Oh, how ungrateful I am! I forgot all about it!" she cried. "Look here! The girls gave it to me to-day."

It was but a little matter.

A pretty pocket pincushion that the school girls had made for her.

On one side of the cardboard was a really well-painted little landscape; on the other, the words, "to our dear teacher, Miss Rhoda Waterware."

The narrow, blue-rim between was stuck full of pins.

"Was it not kind of them?" said Rhoda, who had a loving, grateful nature.

Upstairs in her room that night, Dolly already in bed and asleep, she sat down to make a list of the things she needed.

In truth it was rather an extensive one.

"Let me see," began Rhoda, drawing the candle towards her; and there she paused, and bit at the top of her lead pencil—the stump of a pencil that she used in the school.

"A black silk dress," she wrote at the head of the page. "And a new hat—I must have that. I want a new bonnet for Sundays, but——"

The pencil needed sharpening.

She drew out her little pearl-handled knife, and it made her think of the generous giver.

"I wonder why Hugh gave me this?" she thought. "I told him at the time it was not lucky—that tradition says when we give a knife to any friend it cuts love in two. Hugh laughed in that quiet manner of his, and said he would risk it as far as his love went, and he trusted he could as regarded mine. Heigho!—if Hugh were but rich!—or if——"

Rhoda paused.

"I don't think I'll make out the list to-night. I want so many things—and what pleasure will the things give me, only that they are needed—when I am not going out in the world to show them?"

* * * * * *

"It looks almost like a special interposition of Providence, Sophia," said Miss Betsy Oatridge (her cousin) to Mrs. Waterware. "that I came over to see you, before starting on my journey. It will be the very thing for Rhoda, and I'll take her with me."

"But your sister may not care to see her, Betsy?" debated Mrs. Waterware. "She may have her house full; the Landors keep a great deal of company, and Rhoda has never been invited there."

"Fiddlesticks!" retorted Miss Betsy. "I invite her; that's quite enough. I should like to see my sister Susan not making room for anybody I choose to bring. This is Friday. I did think of starting on Monday morning next, but I'll put it off till Thursday, which will give Rhoda time for her preparations. She must go properly rigged out there, you know."

"I'm afraid of the expense," sighed Mrs. Waterware.

"Afraid of the expense!" echoed strong-minded Miss Betsy. "What do you mean by that, Sophia? Has not the girl earned a hundred dollars by dint of labor? And would you grudge her the benefit of it?"

"A few things she must inevitably have if she stays at home; but to make a proper appearance for some weeks' visit, at such a house as Mrs. Landor's, would take the whole of it; and I do not think we should be justified in allowing it all to be spent?"

"You grub on here, in this old farm-house, among your boys and girls, Sophia, until you lose common sense," retorted Miss Betsy. "The girl was born to better things than she encounters now, and she ought to have a chance of finding some of them."

"But——"

"Do hear me. You can't spend her money better than in fitting her out, so far as it will go, as the daughter of the once-fashionable Captain Waterware. I will pay her journey to and fro, and supply her with pocket-money. I can't do any more than that."

"You are very good, Betsy——"

"Not at all," interrupted Miss Betsy. "I shall be repaid in her companionship. Who knows what may come of this chance, Sophia? A pretty girl, and in good society. She may bring home a husband, for all you know!"

"But she is engaged, Betsy.

"Who is engaged?"

"Rhoda."

"Engaged—at nineteen! Did you engage her in her cradle?" angrily went on Miss Betsy. "Who is she engaged to?"

"To Hugh Gervase."

"What! the village doctor?—that dark little shrimp of a man!" screamed Miss Betsy.

"The little dark man is the uncle, Dr. Gervase. Hugh is with him—only an assistant at present. He is a very fine, nice-looking, sensible young man."

Miss Betsy Oatridge turned up her magnificent nose. "A village doctor's assistant, indeed! Just like you, Sophia! But I don't suppose you need trouble yourselves much more about him. Let the girl go out a bit in the world."

And poor, meek Mrs. Waterware, ever accustomed to yield to self-asserting Miss Betsy had not the courage to do anything else now.

Captain Waterware rather approved of the plan.

Not so Rhoda.

"All the money to be spent upon me!—none upon anybody else, not even mamma or Dolly!" she remonstrated. "I should not like that at all, Aunt Betsy."

Aunt Betsy threw back her bonnet-strings: she had been talking too much to spare time to take it off. "Do you know your church catechism, Rhoda?"

"I ought to," said Rhoda. "I have to hear every girl in the school say it once a week."

"Then you'll be good enough to call to mind, miss, that young people are there enjoined to obey their pastors and masters. And now, hold your tongue."

Carrying all before her by dint of her strong will, Miss Betsy, that self-same day, carried off Rhoda.

"Give me the hundred dollars, and I'll lay it out upon her as far as it will go," she said to them. "I know what's better than you do now, and what things she'll most want."

Hugh Gervase only caught a glimpse of her as she was getting into Miss Betsy's hired fly in the afternoon, to be conveyed to the railway station three miles off.

He was passing accidentally.

"You'll not forget me, Rhoda," he whispered, when Miss Betsy, in answer to his questions, informed him in a cold, stand-off manner, that she was taking her young relative home to prepare her for a fashionable visit of some weeks.

And the fly drove off, leaving the young doctor spell-bound.

* * * * * *

Time and tide wait for no man.

And though the black silk dress took some time to choose and make, and other essentials took time to choose and make, by dint of Miss Betsy's energetic endeavors and enjoinders, all things were completed by the Thursday morning.

While the dew was still on the grass, while the birds were holding their matin songs, while the sweet flowers were opening their petals to the coming day, they set off to catch an early train.

Miss Betsy liked to be in good time for everything.

Rhoda was happy as the singing birds, and building up air castles.

It was a long journey.

Not until the afternoon did they reach Arkleigh, the place where the Landors lived.

Miss Betsy was pushing about amid the crowd at the station, and Rhoda stood on the platform a little bewildered, when she was suddenly accosted in a most astounding manner.

"My dear Caroline, you here!" exclaimed a young man; and bending close down, kissed her on both cheeks.

Shrinking back, too much startled to speak, and glancing up to see whether the assailant might be a madman escaped from his keepers, she saw a tall, strong, gentlemanly young fellow, with a plain and merry countenance that was just then laughing all over.

"I beg your pardon a thousand times," said he. "I thought it was my sister Caroline, I did, indeed—we are expecting her to-day."

But here he found his ribs nearly stove in by the furious assaults of Miss Betsy's parasol.

"You thought nothing of the kind, James Landor," she exclaimed; "You know you didn't. It was just one of your impudent tricks.—— Rhoda, my dear, this is the eldest son; and a nice respectable eldest son he is showing himself to be!"

"Don't give me a worse character than I deserve, Aunt Betsy," was the laughing answer. "It was indeed an inadvertent mistake—this platform's dark—and I hope Miss Waterware will forgive me—for this, I conclude, is she. My mother sent me here to meet you and the young lady, aunt, and the carriage is outside."

"Then we'll go on in it. And you just see after the luggage, James Landor, and bring it home in a fly. Five boxes and three hand parcels, all plainly directed in my name."

That was how Rhoda's visit was inaugurated.

She soon forgave James.

He was a good-hearted, merry-natured, happy young fellow of one-and-twenty.

Distant cousin by kin, they became intimate as brother and sister.

The Landors were gay, happy people; they lived in good style, and saw much company.

Rhoda had never before been so happy, so free from care.

Miss Betsy Oatridge, too strong-minded to be reticent, told her sister the story of the hundred dollars, and how it had been spent in decorating Rhoda for the visit.

James, who was present and heard the account, laughed immoderately—especially at his aunt's winding up her narative by saying Rhoda had looked upon herself as an heiress after that pile of gold was put into her hands.

"Miss Waterware the heiress!" commented he. "We'll introduce you here by that title, Rhoda, and have some fun. Mind you don't spoil sport by denying it; and please mind you don't, Aunt Betsy."

They paid no attention to his joking words, none at all, forgot all about it, in fact.

Yet, strange to say, in some inexplicable way, the news did get about Arkleigh that Miss Waterware was a great heiress.

She and her friends were unconscious of this, people did not call her an "heiress" to her face.

* * * * * *

"Have you seen the new heiress?" was the question asked all over Arkleigh—at the breakfast-table, at luncheon parties, at afternoon teas, at croquet meetings; above all, at the men's clubs. "Who is she when she's at home? How much is she worth? Some remote cousin of the Landors, is she not?"

"Came here under the wing of a queer old party, one Betsy Oatridge. She's well off, they say; but she's a regular guy, and wears spectacles."

"But what is the amount of the heiress's fortune?"

"Don't know. Two hundred and fifty thousand, somebody said. Been living in seclusion with her father, one Captain Waterware—retired."

"Money all her own?"

"Believe so. A nice little pull for some lucky fellow, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars!"

And when Mr. James Landor could be caught at the club, and slyly questioned, he protested, as well as he could for laughing, that he did not know the precise amount of the heiress's wealth; Miss Betsy, a close old girl, would not tell him anything about it.

All the fashionable and idle young men went running to the Landors.

Mrs. Landor wondered why they had become so attentive all of a sudden: Miss Betsey, as usual, priding herself on her common sense, told herself why without the trouble of guessing; they were all taken with Rhoda's fresh and charming face.

And she looked upon it that the girl was as good as married to one of these rich and desirable men.

Perhaps all of them were not so rich (or as desirable either) as they appeared on the surface.

Miss Betsy's eyes were but inexperienced eyes, after all, counting the spectacles in, and she was single minded enough, as the world goes.

The two swains most persistent in their admiration, and who indeed soon distanced others, were men of the world, plausible in manner, stylish in appearance.

Captain Wynne was the son of old Colonel Wynne and supposed to be very well off. Mr. Lacy had come into a good fortune when he was of age.

He was thirty now, and the money was all run through.

Captain Wynne never had much to run through, and never would have if the truth were known.

To both of these gentlemen it seemed that a pretty girl and two hundred and fifty thousand dollars would transform them into celestial mortals, more blessed than gods.

They quite dodged one another.

If Mr. Lacy made his appearance at Mrs. Landor's in the morning, in all the pomp and circumstance of affluent state—a thoroughbred horse, and a groom behind on another, to hold the thoroughbred while its master went in—Captain Wynne would be sure to come in the afternoon.

Rhoda was regularly besieged; and not at all loth to be.

The glamour of the new life was upon her. It was just like a novel to have hothouse flowers sent to her—sent to her!

She revelled in her pretty new dresses; she lavishly put on expensive gloves.

Life to her, just now was a pleasant day-dream.

How delightful it was to be young and happy and beloved!

As to her two lovers, as James persisted in calling them, she could not decide which of the two she preferred.

Mr. Lacy was the most intellectual; Rupert Wynne the gayest.

The one, Lacy, sang with her in Italian, and quoted French poetry so rapidly as to confuse her; she could not always distinguish one word from another.

"He means it to be complimentary, I'm sure," thought Rhoda; "but if it were not for his eyes, I could not tell whether he is abusing me or praising me."

While Captain Wynne walked by her side in the garden, plucking the sweetest flowers to offer her, and telling the ordinary news of the place in the sweetest and tenderest of voices.

Strange to say, these two lovers were good friends.

That is, they played cards together, and rode and drank in company.

They had been introduced to the young lady at the same time; and they were content to try for her openly, each taking honestly his own chance of success—only asking a fair field and no favor."

Thus three weeks of Aunt Betsy's visit passed away, and the fourth was entered upon.

In this last week a picnic was projected to some mountain, that lay at a distance, and a large party organized for it.

The morning rose all lovely, and the party, after an early breakfast, began to assemble at Mrs. Landor's.

The night before, Rhoda's two lovers had been sitting together at their club, over cigars and claret-cup, both of them unusually silent.

Suddenly Mr. Lacy got up, threw away the stump of his cigar, and addressed his friend in these enigmatical words:

"Wynne, my boy, fair play has been the word with us, and we have both honorably kept to it. But I'm thinking that must change."

"As how, Lacy?"

"Time's getting on, and nothing is done: you are none the better, neither am I. We must push on faster. It's said she goes away next week."

"Each one of us set on, and do what he can to distance the other—eh? Is that to be it, Lacy?"

"I don't see what else is to be done. We have made the running for her, side by side, in open fairness; that can't go on forever. So now for

> "The good old rule, the simple plan—
> That he shall take who has the power,
> And he shall keep who can!"

Captain Wynne considered for a minute, and then gave an approving nod.

He was agreeable.

"Candidly, Wynne, I can't afford to let the thing go on," answered Lacy; "I am too hard up. And I tell you fairly, that I shall put my luck with her to the test to-morrow."

"All right, Lacy. I'll do the same on my own account. There's my hand on it, old friend; and the little heiress must either pay your debts or mine. Confound all debts say I. Anyway, whether she chooses you, or whether she chooses me, we shan't quarrel. She's a dear little girl, and I shall be sorry to lose her—if I do lose her. But the next best thing to her having me, will be her having you, Lacy."

The morning sun shone in the blue sky, and the party assembled at Mrs. Landor's.

All sorts of vehicles were in waiting: landaus, wagonettes, gigs.

Captain Wynne and Mr. Lacy each dashed up in a stylish gig, each hoping for a certain young lady's company in it.

But James Landor had a gig of his own, and had appropriated her.

"You will go with me, mind!" he said to Rhoda, with all the authority that he might have used had he been her brother.

"May I?" said the young lady, appealing to Mrs. Landor.

"Why, of course you may be, my dear," was the answer; "you and James are cousins you know; it will be quite en regle."

They drove off together.

The scenery through which they had to pass was charming.

Rhoda's heart beat high with happiness. It was worth all the school drudgery she had toiled through for twelve months to be enjoying life in this way.

Well dressed, no care for the hour, driving in these enchanting, dim old roads, with this ever-pleasant, ever-amusing cousin, who had made so much of her.

They had struck into a wild sort of place; the road wound in and out, round dark cliffs that towered aloft.

Old pines darkened the air with their gloomy presence; brighter foliage reared its verdant masses.

Old fallen trees, hoary and grim, shaggy with pendant mosses, lay about.

A wild, gloomy bit of scenery altogether, but possessing its attractions.

If a thought ever and anon crossed Rhoda's heart, that one whom she had learned to care for was not with her to enjoy things, why, she had compensations.

By the side of these fashionable men, grand, and rich and idle, who would look at a plain, hard-working village doctor?

"Here we are," cried James, driving over a little rustic bridge into a wide, green, open space, that might be the abode of fairyland.

Some of the party were there already, having taken the other road; more were coming up.

Everybody knows what a picnic is with its unstilted intercourse; and its luncheon baskets.

Not always a spot so appropriate as this is accessible for one.

A mountain scramble is a delightful pastime when the atmosphere is clear, the sun shines on the joyous youths and maidens, and the air rings with their fresh young voices.

The first thing done was to spread the lunch al fresco.

A cottage hard by, accustomed to these parties, supplied hot water, plates, knives and forks.

All went merry as a marriage bell; and when the meal was over, its guests dispersed hither and thither at their own sweet will.

Miss Betsy Oatridge, and a few more staid ones of her age and tastes, sat on chairs borrowed from the cottage, in the shade.

Miss Betsy wore a huge hat which flapped about on all sides; James Landor asked her in the hearing of all the company, whether it had come out of Noah's Ark?

Oh, the monster rocks, that one might have fancied grim sentinels, guarding the entrances to the strongholds of giants! Oh, the picturesque glades; the purple bluebells, the trailing arbutus the fragrant wild thyme, the patches of blue forget-me-nots!

With her hands full of these little flowers, Rhoda scrambled up hill alone, stood a moment, with panting breath and sparkling eyes, to gaze at the grand panorama beginning to unroll itself to view.

A vast plain, like a wide ocean, lay on before her as a picture, its surface delicately showing alternately light grassy plains and dark woodlands threaded with silver streamlets, and dotted with villages and farm-houses.

Beyond, clustered hills, touching the verge of the horizon: you could not tell which were the mountain summits, which the light clouds.

Rhoda, contemplating all this, lost in rapture, was speedily brought down from the clouds to earth by a merry voice beneath her.

"Oh, Miss Waterware! won't you wait for me? I am coming when I find the proper turn. Dear, dear Rhoda, will you not tell me that there is hope for me? If you care for me in the least degree, throw me down one of those sweet blue flowers."

How Rhoda had attained her present vantage-ground—a small grassy shelf, quite out of the direct way—she would have been puzzled to tell.

She looked more than pretty standing there, in her delicate summer costume, the white straw hat shading her pretty face and its clear innocent hazel eyes.

Captain Wynne's ascending voice, and his petition, brought to her face a rose-red flush.

Voices and footsteps were heard rapidly approaching; some of the party had found the same way that she had, at any rate.

Was it by accident, as she turned to look, that a small bunch of the blue forget-me-nots fell from her hand, at Rupert Wynne's feet?

As he returned her a sunny, grateful look, and raised them to his lips, the flush on her face deepened to a glowing crimson.

Of those approaching, Mr. Lacy reached her first.

He bounded over a ledge of rock, and took his stand at her side.

Rupert Wynne threw up to him a gay look of triumph.

"Excelsior is still our motto, Miss Waterware," cried Mr. Lacy, and he indulged in an Italian quotation.

What was there for Rhoda to do but to blush again, and smile confusedly, for she did not understand a word of it.

"I thought I heard people with you," she said, as the steps and voices seemed to be dying away.

"They have gone up higher; I expect; I caught a glimpse of you here, and found my way. And I want you to go higher also," he added.

"On the side of that steep crag yonder is a seat with a story—a real legendary tradition. Will you come?"

"But how is it possible to reach that overhanging crag?"

"It is easily accessible—taking the right way. Allow me to pilot you. You must give me your hand, Miss Waterware."

Seeing nothing else for it, she gave him her hand, and he struck into a narrow path that wound upwards.

"These mountain scrambles are generally like that celebrated feat of King George's remarked Rhoda, "who marched up-hill with twice ten thousand men, and then marched down again."

On reaching the summit of that particular crag, Rhoda, hot, tired, and glad to have got safely up, willingly took the comfortable-looking seat, sculptured by nature on the edge of one side of it.

It was called, Mr. Lacy told her, the Giant's Throne, and there was exactly room for two mortals to sit on it, as he observed, squeezing himself in beside her.

Then he told her the legend, which, of course, had to do with the words, "And they lived happy ever after."

"It is a pretty story," she said, uncomfortably conscious.

"But you have not yet heard the superstition connected with it. It is that all lovers since that time, who plight their troth sitting in this self-same spot, are sure to lead lives of perfect felicity. Oh, Rhoda, dear Rhoda," he broke off in tones of passion, "will you not plight yours to me? I love you dearly. Nay, do not turn your head away. Give me the right to claim this dear little hand. Say one word, only one—that you will be mine."

Rhoda Waterware had never been in such a dilemma as this.

There was Captain Wynne, and there was Hugh Gervase, and now here was Mr. Lacy!

What on earth to answer, she could not think.

But a sudden shouting arose to interrupt the confusion.

"Halloa! Take care, you two, there, called out James Landor from below. "Rhoda, my dear, do you know that one false step, but a slight slip, would land you in eternity? Don't you know the place, Lacy? That ledge of a seat overhangs a fearful precipice; it is concealed from your view by the thick growth of ivy. Bring her away for heaven's sake!"

Startled to terror, Rhoda bent forward. She could see nothing—nothing save the rocky earth at a vast depth below.

Her head began to swim.

"Oh, Mr. Lacy, this is fearful," she cried, putting her hand unbidden into his. "Take me away; take me away! My head turns already."

"Say yes, first," he whispered in a low, entreating tone, clasping the hand within his own warmly. "Say you will accept me."

"Yes, oh, yes! I will say anything to be got away from this horrible spot," she answered, nearly beside herself with fright. "Is this the way? Oh, come! come!"

Cautiously and carefully he led her away, and beyond the reach of peril.

Poor Rhoda, thoroughly unnerved could hardly restrain her tears.

"How could you lead me into such danger, Mr. Lacy?"

"Landor and your own fears have given you an exaggerated view of it. There is no danger when ordinary caution is observed, and you were in none while I was at hand to guard you. Rhoda! you cannot suppose I would suffer you to encounter any?"

"It has given me a great fright," she said, with a half sob.

"Thanks to Landor. My love, you must forgive me. I wanted to hear you say the dear words there that you have said."

"But I—but you—you know Mr. Lacy, I did not mean———"

"I know what you said, my darling," he rejoined, interrupting her stammering excuse; "you cannot break a promise given on the Giant's Throne. Such a thing even with the best wish, was never ventured on yet."

James Landor came in view, and stopped the confidences.

The scramble down was even more fatiguing than the ascent had been.

And when they came to another little natural plateau, abounding in mossy seats of rock, and just over a tiny streamlet that made the echoes musical with the sound of falling waters, Rhoda at least was glad to rest.

Here James Landor pitched into Lacy for his imprudence as hard as tongue could do it.

Captain Wynne, who had come up, reproached his friend with silent looks, and a bevy of damsels screamed out that they'd not be taken to Giant's Throne for all the diamonds ever polished.

Tea came next, in the fairy-land where they had dined; a pleasant tea, all nectar and ambrosia—or things that tasted as good.

Sitting on the borders of a gurgling stream afterwards; many of them right glad of the rest someone sang a song taken from Tennyson's "Brook," and the words were the fitting accompaniment to the delicious gurgling of the water.

> "I clatter over stony ways,
> In little sharps and trebles,
> I bubble into eddying bays;
> I babble on the pebbles.
>
> "I steal by lawns, and grassy plots,
> I slide by hazel covers;
> I move the blue forget-me-not,
> That bloom for happy lovers."

Captain Wynne looked at the withered flowers in his button-hole.

Mr. Lacy looked proudly conscious at Rhoda.

And Rhoda, blushing painfully, moved away from the spot.

She wandered to a sheltered nook, where she fancied herself secure from interruption, and there sat down on the grass in a reflection that was very uncomfortable.

What could she do, she wondered. Here were the two. Two lovers! Which of them should she take? And if she took either, what of Mr. Gervase?

"I wish I was a nun!" sighed Rhoda. "Nuns never run the risk of such troubles as these. If I don't believe they are coming after me! They have found me out here. Yes, both of them!" She jumped up.

True enough; Captain Wynne and Mr. Lacy.

But two of the girls were with them, which to Rhoda was a relief.

"Do see what I've just done!" cried one of the girls, piteously, to Rhoda, exhibiting a woeful rent in the skirt of her thin dress.

"It must be pinned up," said Rhoda.

"But we've not got any pins; neither of us has."

"I have; I'll do it for you," returned Rhoda.

And she dived into an inner pocket and produced a pincushion.

It was the pincushion presented to her by the little school-girls, with the painted view on one side of it, the painted inscription on the other.

Letting the pincushion fall on the ground, after taking some pins from it, she knelt down and busied her hands with the torn skirt.

The other girls stood watching. Mr. Lacy, having nothing better to do, cast his eyes on the inscription in an idle, indifferent sort of way, and read it to himself. Then, bending his head lower, as if to make sure he was not mistaken, he read it again.

With a breathless gasp, suppressed instantly, he quietly touched Captain Wynne's arm, pointing stealthily to the inscription.

The latter then read it, and they looked at one another. At that moment James Landor ran up.

"Some more pins, please," said Rhoda to the young lady who was looking on. She stooped to pick up the pincushion, and handed out the pins needed, one by one.

It was her turn now to see the inscription: and she, not thinking any ill, repeated it aloud.

"'To our dear teacher, Miss Rhoda Waterware.' That does not mean you, does it?" she exclaimed.

"Yes, it does," replied Rhoda, rising to regard the dress.

"But—but—surely you are not a governess?"

"Yes, I am."

"And not an heiress?"

"An heiress! I! Oh, dear, no!" cried Rhoda.

A dead silence.

Rhoda saw the blank looks surrounding her, the consternation depicted on the faces of her two lovers, and she blushed painfully.

But she was a right-minded girl, morally brave.

"We are a good many of us at home—children, I mean; and papa's income is very limited. It seemed to me that I, the eldest girl, ought to do something to help, if only for pocket money; and for a year now I have gone by day to help Mrs. Bent in her school."

Still nobody spoke; the silence was not reassuring.

Mr. James Landor disappeared round a projecting corner, and had to sway himself about to keep from bursting.

"Well, its rather meritorious of you, Miss Waterware. I wish all of us whose families are poor had the courage to do the same!" spoke up the girl with the damaged skirt, as she heartily put her hand into Rhoda's. They turned away together; the other young lady followed.

Young Landor emerged into view, rather purple; the two lovers received him with reproachful glances.

"How, in the name of mischief, could the report have arisen that she was a great heiress?" cried Lacy. "You must have heard it said, Landor, time and again. You ought to have contradicted it."

"I!" returned James, innocently. "My good fellow, you must have seen me laugh at it, often; it was just one of those absurd little reports that one makes fun of. If I took upon myself to contradict all the tattle that's afloat, I should have my hands full."

"Took us all completely in," observed Wynne, ruefully.

"A teacher in a school!—why, she's not even a lady!" foamed Lacy in his desperate rage.

James Landor turned upon him.

"A lady always; a gentlewoman of good birth and breeding, though she does teach. Captain Waterware can hold rank with you any day, my friend. Don't libel people, Lacy!"

Mr. Lacy drove Captain Wynne home in his gig, lending his own gig to somebody else.

Neither of them pressed for Miss Waterware's companionship on the road, as they had in the morning; and both got up a nice little plausible excuse to Mrs. Landor

for not joining the rest of the company at her house that evening.

Rhoda returned home with James, as in coming.

He guided his horse so strangely through losing himself in bursts of laughter that she threatened to get out of the gig.

"Those two fine fellows have been taking you for an heiress all the time, you see, Rhoda!"

"But why have they? And they seem quite to have turned against me now. How could such a report have got about?"

"Who is to know how improper reports get about," replied Mr. James, pleasly. "You won't be troubled by the two gentlemen much more I fancy."

"You think they only cared to please me for my ideal money?"

"That's it, young lady. They'll both run away from you now, as the recreant knight did from the lady looking over the castle wall."

Rhoda fell to thinking. "James," she said presently, in a half whisper, "it seems to me it has been but a sorry pastime. Why did they try to make me like them, if they did not care for me?"

"They liked your reputed money, my dear."

"And—suppose—suppose they had made me care for them (for one of them I mean of course), with all my heart? A nice plight of sorrow I might be in now!"

"There was no fear of that, you know. Your heart was case-hardened."

"Case-hardened! How?"

"By your love for Hugh Gervase; your engagement to him."

"Oh!" exclaimed Rhoda, with hot cheeks "who told you of that?"

"Aunt Betsy. It was her first private news to us when she entered the house. So I knew you were safe again mine."

"Do you think it can be that those two gentlemen want money, James, that they should think so much of my being an heiress?"

"I think they both want it very badly."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Rhoda. "When they both make such an appearance—seem to be so rich and high and mighty!"

Mrs. Landor was somewhat surprised on the following morning to receive a note from Captain Wynne, and, one from Mr. Lucy.

Some friend of theirs had met with a dreadful accident, a hundred miles or so away; he was lying in imminent danger, and they were hastening to him.

Hence they were unable to call on Mrs. Landor, apologized, and enclosed cards.

A few days more, and Miss Betsy Ostridge was sitting in the homeward train, Rhoda by her side.

Rhoda was thoughtful, and Miss Betsy cross.

"The four weeks have passed like a dream," reflected the girl, "and all my money's gone. My whole twelvemonth's earnings! It might have been better to buy the new carpet; or to let papa put it in the bank; or else spend it on mamma and Dolly. The dear boys asked me for a new cricket——"

"Well, it has been a nice failure!"

Miss Betsy's sharp toned interruption startled Rhoda.

"What has been a failure?" she asked.

"What! why the visit," said Aunt Betsy. "I intended it to have made your fortune. And why one of those men did not propose to you, I cannot imagine; or both of them for that matter."

"It has been a very nice visit, Aunt Betsy. Quite a new experience for me. I shall be all the better and brighter for it."

"It must have been your own fault in discouraging them; nothing else," grumbled Aunt Betsy. "You had got Hugh Gervase on your brain when you went, and I expect he's there still. I wish you joy of your school duties, Rhoda, and of him too."

Rhoda turned away her face and smiled softly.

By the thrill of joy that ran through her at the sound of his name, at the thought that she was so soon to see him again, she knew that she had him indeed on her brain and in her heart.

The fairy glamor of fiction and fancy was over; truth and reality reigned again.

It was late that night when they reached Captain Waterware's.

In the bustle of getting the luggage from the fly, all the Waterwares young and old, assisting, Hugh Gervase drew Rhoda aside for a moment under the star lit laurels.

"Have you returned as you went, Rhoda—all mine?" he whispered.

"All yours, Hugh. Now and always."

"My darling! Well, I have news for you. My uncle has at last taken me into partnership. And so—and so—you know the rest."

She burst into tears.

Of joy, not of pain.

What sort of dismay would have been here now had she been tempted to give up Hugh for either of those others?

"It is that I am glad to be back with you again," she said: and Hugh kissed the tears away.

"Rhoda!" screamed out Miss Betsy. "Rhoda!" Now, where's that girl gone to" Rhoda, my best calf-leather bag is lost. You must have left it in the train."

"Here's the bag, Aunt Betsy," said Rhoda, coming forward, and handing out the bag in her hand.

NOTHING appears so absurd as placing our happiness in the opinion others entertain of our enjoyments, not in our own sense of them. The fear of being thought vulgar is the moral hydrophobia of the day, our weakness cost us a thousand times more regret and shame than our faults.

With Sitting Bull.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

IT is only a few years ago, that near our lines a band of Sioux, under the leadership of a chief named Sitting Bull, achieved a victory over a civilized force which has no parallel in the annals of any recent war between civilized and savage troops, except in the English case of Isandula in South Africa.

General Custer, one of the most gallant officers of the gallant Northern army—a man distinguished for intrepidity and skill in the war against the Southern Confederacy—had been appointed to a command of cavalry not very far from the frontier line.

As is too often the case, unnecessary quarrels had led to unnecessary fighting between Uncle Sam's boys and the braves under Sitting Bull.

Custer, coming upon their camp in a place chosen with rare skill by the savages, impetuously ordered an attack.

Accounts vary of the struggle which ensued; but the story must necessarily come from one side only, because no American soldier lived to tell the tale. The Indian account, giving in Sitting Bull's words, is as follows:

During the summer previous to the one in which Custer attacked us, he sent a letter to me telling me that if I did not go to an agency he would fight me, and I sent word back to him by his messenger that I did not want to fight, but only to be left alone.

I told him at the same time that if he wanted to fight that he should go and fight those Indians who wanted to fight him.

Custer then sent me word again—this was in the winter:

"You would not take my former offer; now I am going to fight you this winter."

I sent word back and said just what I had said before, that I did not want to fight, and only wanted to be left alone, and that my camp was the only one which had not fought against him.

Custer again sent a message:

"I am fitting up my wagons and soldiers, and am determined to fight against you in the spring."

I thought that I would try him again, and sent him a message, saying I did not want to fight; that I wanted, first of all, to go to British territory, and after I had been there and come back, if he still wanted to fight me that I would fight then.

Custer sent back word and said—"I will fight you in eight days."

I then saw that it was no use; that I would have to fight, so I sent him word back.

"All right; get all your men mounted, and I will get all my men mounted; we will have a fight; the Great Spirit will look on, and the side that is in the wrong will be defeated."

I began to get ready, and sent twenty or more young men to watch for the soldiers.

Five soon came back with word that Custer was coming.

The others stopped to watch his movements.

When Custer was quite close ten young men came in.

When he had advanced still closer two more of them came in, leaving the rest to watch the troops.

We had got up a medicine dance for war in the camp, and just as it was coming to an end two of the men who had stopped out came in with word that Custer and the troops were very close, and would be upon the camp in the morning.

That night we all got ready for the battle.

My young men buckled on the ammunition belts, and we were busy putting strong sticks in all coup-sticks.

Early at sunrise, two young men who had been out a short way on the prairie came to me and told me that from the top of a high butt they had seen the troops advancing in two divisions.

I then had all the horses driven into the camp and placed between the lodges. About noon the troops came up, and at once rushed upon the camp.

They charged in two separate divisions—one at the upper end, whilst the other division charged about the middle of the camp.

The latter division struck the camp in the centre of the 250 lodges of the Uncapapa Sioux, and close to the door of my own lodge.

At the same time that the troops charged I was making medicine for the Great Spirit to help us and fight upon our side, and as I heard the noise and knew what it was, I came out.

When I had got to the outside of my lodge, I noticed that this division had stopped suddenly close to the outer side of the Uncapapa camp, and then they sounded a bugle and the troops fired into the camp.

I at once set my wife upon my best horse, put my war-bonnet upon her head, and told her to run away with the rest of the women.

She did so, but, in her hurry, forgot to take the baby (a girl), after she had gone a little way she thought of the child, and came back for it.

I gave the child to her, and she went off again.

I now put a flag upon a lodge-pole, and, lifting it as high as I could, I shouted out as loud as I was able to my men—"I am Sitting Bull; follow me!"

I then rushed at the head of them up to the place where I thought Custer was, and just as we got close up to the troops they fired again.

When I saw that the soldiers fired from the saddles and did but little damage to us, I ordered all my men to rush through their ranks and break them, which they did, but failed to break the ranks, although we suffered as little damage as before.

I then shouted to them to try again, and, putting myself at the head of my men, we went at them again.

This time, although the soldiers were keeping up a rapid firing from their horses, we knocked away a whole corner, and killed a great many, though I had only one man killed.

After this we charged the same way several times, and kept driving them back for about half a mile, killing them very fast.

After forcing them back there only remained five soldiers of this division and the interpreter alive, and I told my men to let them live.

Then the interpreter, the man that the Indians called "the White," shouted out in Sioux, and said:

"Custer is not in this division; he is in the other."

I then ordered all my men to come on and attack the other division. They did so, and followed me.

The soldiers of this division fired upon us as soon as we got within range, but did little harm.

When we got quite close, and were just going to charge them, a great storm broke right over us; the lightning was fearful, and struck a lot of horses and soldiers, killing them instantly.

I then, called out to my men to charge the troops, and shouted out:

"The Great Spirit is on our side: look how He is striking the soldiers down!"

My men saw this, and they all rushed upon the troops, who were mixed up a good deal.

About forty of the soldiers had been dismounted by the lightning killing and frightening their horses, and these men were soon trampled to death.

It was just at this time that we charged them, and we easily knocked them off their horses and then killed them with our coup-sticks.

In this way we killed all this division with the exception of a few who tried to get away, but were killed by the Sioux before they could get very far.

All through the battle the soldiers fired very wild, and only killed twenty-five Sioux.

I did not recognise General Custer in the fight, but only thought I did; but I would not be certain about it.

I believe Custer was killed in the first attack, as we found his body, or what all the Indians thought was Custer's body, about the place where the first attack was made.

I do not think there is any truth in the report that he shot himself. I saw two soldiers shoot themselves.

The Sioux were following them, and in a few minutes would have caught them; but they shot themselves in the head with their pistols.

The body which all the Indians said was Custer's had its hair cut short.

There were seven hundred and nine Americans killed.

We counted them by putting a stick upon each body, and then taking the sticks up again and counting them.

We counted seven hundred and seven carbines.

A PERSONAL CARD.

A Matter in Which the Public Should Have a Deal of Interest.

To the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST:

Why does the government spend so much money and risk so many lives in trying to capture the counterfeiter?

"Suppose he does counterfeit government bonds and notes, surely the government is rich enough to stand any loss his act may confer!"

But the individual citizen could ill afford to be put to continual financial loss if such desperadoes were let go unwhipped of justice.

It is only the valuable thing that is counterfeited; it is only in the light of purity and virtue that impurity and vice can be known. No one in these days would counterfeit a Confederate bond or note.

People who commit fraud always do it by simulating the highest virtue; by preying on the cleanest reputation, by employing the fair name of virtue with which to give respectability to vice.

Let us explain: Seven or eight years ago, as we have been informed many times in public prints, a New York state gentleman was pronounced, as many millions have been pronounced before, incurably sick of an extreme disorder. By suggestions which he believed were providential, he was led to the use of a preparation which had been for several years employed by a select few physicians in New York city and one or two other prominent places. The result was that he was cured, he whom doctors without number and of unheeded ability said was incurable. Having secured possession of the formula, absolutely and irrevocably, he determined to devote a portion of his accumulated wealth to the manufacture and sale of this remedy for the benefit of the many who suffer as he suffered, in apparent hopelessness. In less than three years, so tremendous, became the demand for this remedy and so exalted the reputation, that he was obliged for his purposes to erect a laboratory and warehouse containing four and a quarter acres of flooring and filled with the most approved chemical and manufacturing devices. Probably there never was a remedy that has won such a meritorious name, such extraordinary sales and has accomplished so much good for the race.

Unprincipled Parties who flourish only upon the ruins of others, saw in this reputation and sale an opportunity to reap a golden harvest, (not legitimately, not honorably) for which purpose they have made imitations and substitutions of it in every section of the country, and many druggists, who can make a larger profit on these imitation goods, often compromise their honor by forcing a sale upon the unposted customer.

Yes, undoubtedly the manufacturers could well afford to ignore such instances of fraud so far as the effect upon themselves is concerned, for their remedies have a permanent and unremitting sale, but they feel it to be their duty to warn the public against such imitations and substitutions, non-secret and otherwise. The individual who buys them and the public who countenances their sale alone suffer in mind, body and estate therefor.

The authors of some of these fraudulent practices have been prosecuted and sent to prison for their crimes, but there is another class who claims to know the formula of this remedy and one Sunday school Journal, we are told, has prostituted its high and holy calling so far as to advertise that for twenty five cents it will send all new subscribers a transcript of the Warner formula! This formula, by the way, must be a wonderfully kaleidoscopic affair, for there is hardly a month passes when some paper is not issued which pretends to give the only correct formula!

The manufacturers inform us that they would be perfectly willing that the public should know what the true formula of Warner's safe cure is, (none that have been published are anything like it), but even if every man, woman and child in the United States were as familiar with this formula as with their A B C's they could not compound the remedy. The method of manufacture is a secret. It is impossible to obtain the results that are wrought by this remedy if one does not have the perfect skill acquired only by years of practice in compounding and assimilating the simple elements which enter into its composition.

The late Dr. Foster, the honored head of Clifton Springs sanitarium, once said that having roughly analyzed this remedy he recognized that the elements that compose it were simple, but he attributed the secret of its power to the method of its compounding, and this method no one knows except the manufacturers, and no one can acquire it.

Our advice to our readers, therefore, cannot be too strongly emphasized. As you would prefer virtue to vice, gold to dross, physical happiness to [illegible], shun the imitator and secure the article of your real friendship to those who seek to get, by trading upon another's reputation and honesty, a sale for worse and goods which on their merits are fit only to be rejected as the veriest refuse. You can neither afford to patronize such people nor can you afford to take their injurious compounds into your system. When you call for Warner's Safe Cure see that the wrapper is black with white letters, and that the wrapper and label bear an imprint of an iron safe, the trade mark, and that a safe is blown in the back of the bottle and that a perfect 1c promissory note stamp is over the cork. You can't be imposed on if you observe these cautions.

We have the highest respect for the remedy we have mentioned and the highest regards for the manufacturers, and we cannot too highly recommend their dignified and considerate tone in relation to those who would traduce their fair name and ruin the best interest of the public in such matters.

WHAT IS LOVE?—One hundred letters were written to as many well-known "thinkers" out West requesting answers to the question, "What is love?" The result indicates a confused variety of opinions as to what love is. Following are the answers of sixteen different persons:

The most interesting and pardonable of human weaknesses.

A mere delusion that has ruined many men.

A feeling of such exquisite tenderness that it is too sweet for comparison.

I don't know anything about it; don't think it amounts to much.

The sweetest and most passionate excitement known to men—binding together by the strongest cords, sex, kindred, and nations.

Don't know anything about it; I never was there.

It is something that no fellow can find out—yet all feel its power, more or less.

A sweet and delusive imagination only.

A dormant passion of the mind aroused by beauty and intellectual qualities of some one woman.

An undefinable principle which all beings possess, and which lies at the foundation of all happiness.

A noble passion which envelopes our whole being and shows itself in every thought, word, and action.

True bliss—void of fancy—of happiness.

An egotism of two.

A feeling that takes root in the heart and is only made perfect when it enters the soul.

A latent faculty of the mind that, when aroused, glows with a radiance that illuminates the gloomiest mind and wields a power of influence that is unequalled.

One of the worst diseases of the heart.

Our Young Folks.

GRIF.

BY PIPKIN.

"MOTHER, dear, Jones says there is a poor boy at the door, who has a little dog to sell, and asks if he may show him to us."

"Oh, please, mother, do let us see him!" said Lucy and Georgie Reynolds together.

"But, children, I am not going to buy the dog, so the poor boy may be disappointed if we ask him to come in."

"Might not we buy him with our pocket money?" pleaded Effie, who was the eldest. "It would be so very nice to have a dog, and we would take great care of him."

Mrs. Reynolds did not like needlessly to refuse her children a pleasure, but at the same time she wished them to be considerate for others; also, she thought it well that they should learn to spend their pocket money in a reasonable way themselves, instead of asking her for all they wanted; for sometimes they asked for very foolish things, as children often do.

"If you think you can buy the dog between you, Effie, you may ask Jones to let the boy come up."

Effie bounded out of the room, and returned a few minutes later, followed by a boy carrying a small terrier.

"Oh, what a darling!" said Effie, taking the dog in her arms.

"How much do you ask for him?" asked Mrs. Reynolds.

"Five dollars, ma'am; and indeed it ain't dear," said the boy. "He was given to my brother as has had a bad accident, and can't work, so he said he would sell his dog to help mother, and we are so poor that perhaps you would please to buy him for the young ladies, ma'am."

"When did your brother meet with an accident?"

"He is a mason, ma'am, and fell from a scaffolding, and broke his leg and his arm both very bad, so the doctor says he won't be able to do no work for a long time."

The lad had such an honest face that Mrs. Reynolds felt she had no reason to doubt his story.

"Poor boy," said she; "I should like to see your brother, if you will tell me your name, and where you live."

"We live in Pilston Lane, third cottage on the right, ma'am, and my name is Jack Green."

"Well, Jack, I shall come one of these days, if you think your brother would like it. And, now, children, what are you going to do about the dog?"

"We should like to buy him," said Effie; "should we not, Georgie? I am sure Lucy would."

"Yes, yes," said Georgie and Lucy together.

"How much money have we got?" continued Effie. "I could spare ten shillings from the money Uncle Harry gave me."

"I have only five shillings altogether," said Georgie; "but I will give them."

"I don't know how much I have," said little Lucy, who was only seven.

"I know; you have two shillings," said Effie.

"Now, let me see," counting on her fingers, "ten and five—fifteen, is it not?—and two, seventeen. Oh, dear! we have not enough."

"If you give me your seventeen shillings, Effie, I daresay I can make up the rest," said Mrs. Reynolds.

"Oh, thank you, mother dear!" said Effie, delighted.

So the dog was bought, and Jack went away, happy to take the money to his brother.

The poor terrier gave a piteous whine, and seemed quite unable to understand his new position.

"What shall we call him?" said Georgie, taking him up. "Lion would be a good name."

"No, no, Georgie: Uncle John's Lion was a big dog," answered Effie; who had very decided opinions of her own. "Grif would be better, like Aunt Flora's little dog."

"Oh, yes, Grif! that will do very well. Grif, dear Grif, I am sure you must be very hungry. I will get some milk for you."

"Not here, Georgie," said Mrs. Reynolds; "you had better take the doggie to the nursery."

So Georgie ran off from the drawing-room with Grif, followed closely by Effie and Lucy.

Grif soon became an important personage.

He afforded the children ceaseless amusement, and Georgie began his education by teaching him to play hide-and-seek with a ball, and to beg for a lump of sugar, which latter trick he had some difficulty in learning; his pathetic eyes generally expressed the martyrdom he felt in attempting to sit up, until either Effie or Lucy pleaded that he had tried long enough to deserve the promised reward.

When he had been in his new home about ten days, Mrs. Reynolds said to the children—

"I am going to see Jack Green's brother. Would you like to come with me?"

They were always pleased to go out with their mother, so they ran to get ready.

"Shall we take Grif, mother?" said little Lucy.

"Yes, perhaps Jack's brother would like to see him."

Mrs. Reynolds had no difficulty in finding the cottage.

In answer to her knock at the door, a tidy woman opened it.

"Good morning," said Mrs. Reynolds, pleasantly. "Are you Jack Green's mother?"

"Yes, ma'am; I am," said the woman, curtseying.

"Then, Mrs. Green, I have come to see your poor son who has met with an accident. My children bought his dog, and they would much like to see him, and we thought he might like to see his pet again."

"Please step in, ma'am; I am sure Dick will take it very kind of you, and will be very glad to see you and the young ladies and gentleman."

Saying which, she led the way to the room where Dick lay.

He was propped up in bed, with an old shawl over his shoulders.

The broken arm, bound in splints, was resting on a pillow, whilst in the other hand he held a book.

Mrs. Reynolds said kindly—

"We were so sorry to hear of your accident, Dick; your brother told us about it when he sold your dog to my children. I have brought them to see you, and the doggie has come too."

The lad's whole face brightened wonderfully, the look of suffering disappeared for a moment, especially when little Lucy held Grif up to him.

The dog showed his pleasure at seeing his former master by licking his hand and snuffing up to him, as dogs do when they are very pleased.

"How good he is to see you!" said Effie.

"Ah, ma'am," said Dick's mother, "my poor lad sent the dog to help me; for, after his arm was broke, said he to me one day—'I am no better than a burden to you now, mother, and the money as Mr. Sare gave me will not last all the time as I am out of work. It makes me wretched, so I am thinking as you might sell the dog to get a little money.' Now, neither Jack nor me would hear of it at first; we know how fond Dick was of him; but times are so hard, and Dick seemed to wish it so much, that at last Jack took him, and you was so good as to buy him."

During this time Dick had continued to stroke Grif without speaking, but he joined his mother now in thanking Mrs. Reynolds.

The latter was much touched in hearing of his self-denial.

"You are a very good lad, Dick," she said, "and I much hope that you will soon get better, though I am sure you have need of great patience at present. When your arm is well again, you will come and see us, I hope."

Before leaving she slipped some money into Mrs. Green's hand, saying, as she did so—

"You will not mind accepting this from me, for Dick's sake."

The good woman thanked her warmly.

Grif was very unwilling to come away, for, kind as the children had been to him, he could not transfer all his affections to them, so Georgie was obliged to carry him off by sheer force.

As they were walking home, Effie kept by her mother, whilst Georgie and Lucy ran on before.

She was so silent that Mrs. Reynolds wondered what her little girl was thinking of, until Effie surprised her by saying—

"Mother, I wish we had not taken Grif from Dick, he must miss him so much, now he is ill."

"Dick was very brave to part with his dog; but I have no doubt he was extremely glad to have the money to help his poor mother, Effie."

"I suppose he did want the money very much; but I have been wondering whether Georgie and Lucy would mind giving Grif back to him; then he would have both his dear doggie and the money. We have so many other things, and Dick had only Grif to play with."

"Ask them, Effie, darling," said Mrs. Reynolds, touched by her child's unselfishness. She knew how fond Effie was of the dog, so it was no small sacrifice she was offering.

"Georgie," said she, overtaking her brother. "Georgie, dear, should you mind giving Grif back to Dick very, very much?"

"Oh, I say, Effie! why should we? I spent all the money I had to buy him, and so did Lucy. Whatever makes you think of it?"

"Because I saw how pleased Dick was to see him again, and I cannot bear to think of his lying in pain for most of the day alone. If he had Grif he might not feel so lonely."

"Oh, yes, do give him," said little Lucy, but Georgie said nothing. The thought of parting with his new pet was most unwelcome to him.

"I would not have asked you to give him, Georgie, dear, if I had known you would have minded so much; and, of course, Grif belongs to you as much as to me, so we will say no more about it," said Effie.

She ran back to her mother. Mrs. Reynolds thought it wiser not to interfere in the matter.

She was very pleased that Effie had shown so much kind feeling, and hoped that Georgie would some day learn the happiness of giving up his pleasures for others; but she knew her boy would have many struggles in doing so.

That after, afternoon lessons, Georgie resumed his favorite amusement of teaching Grif to beg.

The dog sat up better than he had ever done before, and waited quite patiently until Georgie gave him his lump of sugar.

"How beautifully he did it," said Lucy, who took great interest in the performance.

But in spite of this exhibition of canine ability, Georgie did not feel the same pleasure as he had done on former occasions, when Grif had been less successful.

The poor terrier seemed to feel this want of appreciation, for he crept disconsolately under a sofa, and would not come from his hiding-place for a long time.

Georgie was so silent, having taken up a book, of which he was turning the pages without reading a word, that Lucy wondered what was the matter with him.

Presently he ran out of the school-room to find Effie, who was practising in the drawing-room.

"Effie," he said, bluntly, "you may give Grif to Dick."

"No, no, Georgie, dear," said Effie; "I will not take him from you. I would not have said anything about him if I had known how much you cared for him."

"I would rather you gave him, Effie," said Georgie, and without saying any more he ran off again.

The next day the three children set out with Miss Praed, their governess, for Mrs. Green's cottage.

Dick was very pleased to see them; but when he learned the object of their visit he scarcely knew what to say, but stammered something about not wishing to take the dog from the kind young ladies and gentleman.

Little Lucy put an end to any further discussion in a way which many an older person might have admired, for she said simply—

"You see, Dick, Grif would never love us as much as he loves you, and Effie and Georgie and I would be very, very pleased if you would keep him."

So Grif took his former place at the foot of Dick's bed, as if he quite understood what was said; and many a weary hour did he help his poor master to pass.

Effie and Lucy were surprised to see Georgie so merry as they walked home. He laughed and talked so much that they were quite astonished, for they thought he would have felt the loss of his dog keenly.

Have you guessed what it was? I daresay the older ones among you who read this little story would say—

"Because the happiness he felt in seeing Dick Green's pleasure was far greater than the happiness he felt in pleasing himself."

And I will answer—"You are quite right."

ARNETTE AND JALEPH.

BY VERA SINGLETON.

AMONG all the youths who admired fair Tamar, the most beautiful maiden that ever lived in the Happy Valley near the Caspian Sea, two of the worthiest aspired to the favor of her love.

Arnette was one of the bravest and noblest of the youths of the valley. No foot was swifter in the race—no arm stronger in the flood.

His cousin Jaleph was scarcely inferior to him in manly sports.

They had grown up together, and loved each other like brothers. Arnette was dark Jaleph fair.

Both loved Tamar. In a thousand ways each told his love.

"Wilt thou be mine?" at last cried Arnette.

"I, too, love thee, beautiful one. Choose between us," cried Jaleph.

"Arnette! Jaleph! why ask me to choose? Are we not happy? So let us remain."

The young men looked into each other's saddened eyes, and each one felt that it could be so no longer. The happy time had passed.

As the group stood, hand-in-hand, in the glow of the sunset, the mother of Tamar came, in her sweet, matronly dignity, to greet them.

"What is this, my children?" she asked, in alarm, as she saw their sorrowful faces and her daughter's tears.

"Dear mother!" cried Tamar, "how can I choose between those I love?"

The mother smiled; but the smile was not free from sadness.

"My daughter," she replied, "there must be one whom we love above all others."

"Mother!" said the poor girl, as she buried her face in her bosom; "both have been so kind, so noble, so loving to me all my life, how can I hurt one or the other?"

Again the sad smile.

"Come with me, my daughter; you, my children, go. In seven days Tamar shall answer you."

They kissed the mother's hand held out to them.

They looked tenderly at the weeping girl, and walked away hand-in-hand. There was no rancor or jealousy in their noble hearts.

It is true that each one felt that the happiness of his life was at stake.

But this was the golden age. To fight for the possession of their lover was a mode of settlement left to the darkness and ferocity of later times, when the people were enslaved by savage masters, and made as brutal as ignorant, and as vicious as themselves.

Arnette and Jaleph were together, as ever, in their light labors and manly pastimes.

Two days had passed, and they were swimming in the river.

Whether exhausted by exercise or weakened by emotion, Jaleph could not swim with his usual strength. Soon his golden locks were seen to sink beneath the waves. His sinewy arms grew powerless. A cry from the shore alarmed Arnette. He looked for his cousin, and the next moment plunged beneath the surface. In a few moments he bore him to the shore, where he soon recovered.

Later, they were hunting the leopard in the mountains.

Jaleph fell, and the wild beast sprang upon him.

The lance of Arnette pierced the fierce animal's heart, and saved his rival from death.

The seventh day approached. Neither had spoken to Tamar. They had but seen her at a distance.

Each had refrained from every offering or sign of love. Their loyal hearts would not permit them to take advantage of each other.

On the eve of the seventh day they met in the assembly that gathered to prepare the morrow's festival.

Tamar had decided. Her heart, questioned in solitude, declared for Jaleph, the golden-haired.

But her love and pity for Arnette, her appreciation of his noble qualities, and her thankfulness to him for twice saving the life of her chosen one, made her look at him with such a glow of admiration and gratitude, that Jaleph's heart sank within him. He went outside and shed tears.

It seemed plain to him that the question of his life was decided. He would not wait for the morrow.

Revealing his plan to one faithful friend, he went forth in the darkness, and bade adieu to the Happy Valley.

When the morrow came, Arnette repaired to the lovely cottage of Tamar. She was pale, but more than ever beautiful. As she saw Arnette, she looked anxiously round for his cousin.

She grew paler as he came not, and was nowhere to be seen. It was the appointed hour.

Arnette looked round, with visible concern.

"Arnette," said the mother, "my daughter has decided. She will give her hand to him her heart hath chosen. But where is Jaleph?"

"I know not!"

"You know not? He should be here! What has become of him? Where has he gone?"

"Alas, I know not!" said the heroic youth, grieved to the heart with the suspicion which these quick questions conveyed.

"Mother!" cried the pale and trembling girl, "be not unjust to Arnette. Twice has he saved the life of Jaleph since last we met."

The confidant of Jaleph came, and whispered Tamar that her lover had gone.

The roses that had left her cheeks now fled from her lips; she sank fainting to the earth.

"What is all this?" cried Arnette.

He was told that Jaleph had fled, and why.

And he knew, all too well that he who had fled from his fate despairingly was the chosen love of the beautiful Tamar, now lying in her mother's arms.

Arnette knelt down by her side, pressed his lips upon her lovely forehead, and said to her mother, "I will bring him to her, or never see her more!"

In a week from that day, the brave Arnette led his cousin to the cottage of Tamar, and, joining their hands together, said, "Take him, Tamar, he is thine! He fled, that I might be happy; I have found him, that thou mayest be happy with him thou lovest. Let me be the brother of both!"

The arms of both were twined around him.

Who shall say that he was less happy in his generous self-sacrifice than they in their mutual love?

The Golden Age lives in dim traditions and poetic dreams.

It lives, also, in every heart that is generous and noble.

He who can love without selfishness is a hero of the Golden Age.

AN EXTRAORDINARY FACT.—A man may be cool as an icicle under extraordinary circumstances of danger or excitement; he may preserve an even mind when a ghost comes into his room at midnight; he may assume command and act nobly and well when the ship is sinking; but let that man, let any man, upset his inkstand, and he springs to his feet, makes a desperate grasp for the inkstand, and knocks it halfway across the table, claws after his papers, and sweeps them through the table puddle to save them, tears his white silk handkerchief from his pocket and mops up the ink with it, and after he has smeared the table, his hands, and his lavender trousers with ink, as far as it could be made to go, discovers that early in the engagement he knocked the inkstand clear off the table, and it has been draining its life-ink away all that time in the centre of the only light figure in the pattern of the carpet. Then he wonders why a man always makes an idiot of himself when he upsets a bottle of ink. He doesn't know why. Nobody knows why. But every time it is so. If you don't believe it, try it.

THE school teachers of Lawrence, Mass., are no longer allowed to receive presents from pupils.

IN THE EVENING.

When the sun in golden glory,
Sinks behind the western hills,
And the dusky clouds of evening
Shut out all earth's cares and ills
From the hearts and minds of many
Who a weary burden bear,
Till their eyes with grief are heavy,
And their heads are bowed with care.

Then the solemn hush of evening
Brings to them a blessed calm;
And the darkness all around them
Laden is with healing balm.
For the darkness bringeth quiet,
And a rest from weary woe,
From the cares that in the daylight
Always come but never go.

'Tis the night that brings oblivion
To the sorrows of the day,
Gives the rest that much is needed
Ere again they press their way
E'er the rugged, thorny highway
Which so many here must tread,
Ere they reach their home in glory
In the mansion overhead.

Then, when night in dusky beauty
Wraps the earth in mantle soft,
And the stars in radiant glory
Gem the azure dome aloft,
Let us drop the weary burdens
We have borne along the way,
And with calm and peaceful spirits,
Wait the grand eternal day.

IN THE COURTS.

Any one interested in the peculiarities of his fellow-man must needs find them strikingly exemplified in courts of justice; and the judge, or lawyer, or any other person of any discrimination who has arrived at an old age in the service of a law-court, must possess a clear insight into the traits and peculiarities of mankind.

A ready reply or a cutting sarcasm is sometimes used as a weapon of defense by a witness. Occasionally, even in the most unimportant cases, he will be cross-examined by the opposing counsel to such an extent, that unless he be a clear-headed and thinking person, he will be liable to commit himself.

This is one of the aims of counsel—to confuse the witnesses, and constantly remind them that they are on oath. Some indulge in the latter practice to an insufferable extent.

O'Connell was conspicuous for his powers of examination, and of following up, if possible, any part of the evidence the witness endeavored to evade.

During a Munster circuit he was engaged in a case where the question was the validity of a will, by which property to some amount was devised, but which the plaintiffs alleged was forged.

O'Connell noticed that the subscribing witness during examination swore several times that "the testator signed the will while life was in him." Suspecting something, he asked the witness: "Was it not that a live fly was in the dead man's mouth, while his hand was placed on the will?" The witness, through fear, actually confessed that this was the case.

A lawyer named Missing was defending a prisoner charged with stealing a donkey, and was severe in his examination of the witness. The case was that the prosecutor had left the donkey tied to a gate.

"Do you mean to say, witness," queried Missing, "the donkey was stolen?"

"I mean to say, sir," was the reply, "that the ass was *missing*."

A witness may be obstructive, and give a lawyer great trouble by refusing to answer questions put to him; but this method of procedure is not so effective as quick, sharp, and ready repartee.

An eminent architect named Alexander was being examined by counsel, who was using every effort in his power to depreciate the witness' opinion.

"You are a builder, I believe?"

"No, sir, I am not a builder; I am an architect."

"Ah, well, builder or architect, architect or builder—they are pretty much the same, I suppose?"

"I beg your pardon: they are totally different."

"Oh, indeed! Perhaps you would state wherein this great difference consists."

"An architect, sir, conceives the design, prepares the plan, draws out the specifications—in short, supplies the mind. The builder is merely the machine; the architect, the power that puts the machine together and sets it going."

"Oh, very well, Mr. Architect; that will do. A very ingenious distinction, without a difference. Do you happen to know who was the architect of the Tower of Babel?"

"There was no architect, sir—hence the confusion."

"Which way did these stairs run?" a witness was once asked; and his reply was: "It depended on circumstances. If you were at the bottom, they run up; if you were at the top, they run down."

Curran was examining a witness, and failing to get a direct answer, said: "There is no use in asking you questions, for I see the villain in your face."

"Do you, sir?" said the man, with a smile. "Faith, I never knew my face was a looking-glass before."

From the dock have issued at various times witty sayings and pert remarks; and it is not an uncommon occurrence to find prisoners whom pecuniary considerations prevent from employing counsel, exhibit wonderful tact and ingenuity on behalf of their cause.

Doubtless, every one has heard of the Irishman, who, in reply to the question: "Guilty, or not guilty?" said he would like to hear the evidence before he would plead. Another native of the Emerald Isle raised a laugh in court by displaying a scar on his head about the size of a silver dollar, which he considered conclusive testimony that he was married.

"Prisoner at the bar," said a judge, "is there anything you would like to say before sentence is passed upon you?"

The prisoner looked towards the door, and remarked that he would like to say "good evening," if it was all the same to the company.

The sayings and doings of the bench command more attention generally than anything which emanates from any other part of the court. Probably it is a kind of policy openly, if not inwardly, to appreciate the judge's jokes, on account of his high judicial position.

Some judges have been remarkable for their wit in giving decisions, and for their eccentricity on the bench. A certain judge once gave encouragement to a young lawyer who had forgotten the speech he probably had committed to memory.

"The unfortunate client who appears by me," he began—"the unfortunate client who appears by me—my lord, my unfortunate client——"

"You can go on, sir," said the judge, in an encouraging tone: "so far, the court is entirely with you."

Grains of Gold.

Learn your business thoroughly.

Self-seeking is a deadly plague to the soul.

Goodness thinks no ill where no ill seems.

Every day brings with it some opportunity to do good.

We all praise contentment, but how few of us practice it.

The world is more apt to reward appearances than deserts.

Individual improvement is the best remedy for social evils.

Wrong-doers are never secure of their greatness and gain.

A clear conscience is sometimes sold for money; but is never bought with it.

Opinions grounded upon prejudice are always maintained with the greatest violence.

The more our gifts and graces are exercised, the more they are strengthened and increased.

It is true of many persons that their memory is nothing but a row of hooks to hang up grudges on.

In matters of conscience, first thoughts are best; in matters of prudence, last thoughts are best.

Throw life into a method, that every hour may bring its employment, and every employment its hour.

Whoever anticipates troubles, will find he has thrown away a great deal of terror and anguish to no purpose.

What is called selfishness, frequently consists in not doing what the selfishness of another person wishes you to do.

The tender, warning voices of our guardian angels are ever striving to hush the siren tones of the tempting world.

The command of one's self is the greatest empire a man can aspire to, and consequently to be subject to our own passions, the most grievous slavery.

It is the principle, and not the manners, that makes the man. The principle is the mainspring; the manners are only the figures on the dial.

What is difficulty? Only a word indicating the degree of strength requisite for accomplishing particular objects; a mere notice for the necessity of exertion; a bugbear to children and fools; but only a stimulus to men.

Femininities.

Hair-combs are again coming in fashion.

There are eight times as many bow legged men as women.

A desirable bargain in silks—A pretty girl with a million.

Set all things in their own peculiar place,
And know that order is their greatest grace.

Japan has a society for reforming the style of dressing the hair of women. The association has over 2,000 members.

"That's a very pretty dress of yours, dear—it looks just like silk." "But it is silk." "O, dear, I thought it was worsted!"

"I can always tell," says Jenkins, "when a little boy has marriageable sisters, by the attention he receives from the young men."

A huge butterfly of jewels makes a popular pin; so does a half moon of diamonds with a colored pearl or ruby swinging from the centre.

A beautiful spray for the hair or low bodice consists of a piece of acacia flower, in pink translucent enamel, with leaf in diamonds set in silver.

A Jamaica, L. I., woman lay three days in a trance, and was only awakened by a neighboring woman trying to borrow some sugar from the hired girl.

Three young Cuban ladies who had been studying pharmacy in New York, recently, opened a drug store in a fashionable quarter of Havana.

A London paper describes a wedding present as the outward and visible sign of the inward invisible joy a girl's family feels at getting her off their hands.

"What are the last teeth that come?" asked a teacher of her class in physiology. "False teeth, mum," replied a boy who had just woke up on the back seat.

"One spirituelle girl," says a seaside landlord, "will eat up, waste and mess over more food than any other two men who sit at my table. I'd rather board a bear."

Lady John Manners is one of the greatest advocates of sewing in England, and is doing everything in her power to have girls of every condition in life learn to make their own dresses.

The world has lived with human beings in it a good many hundred years now, and the faithful wife and mother still ranks first among women. All other grades from her rank downward.

A step-ladder covered with plush is the latest parlor adornment. The next thing will be to cover the tack-hammer with plush, and then the average woman may be trusted to hang a picture.

It is claimed by the proprietors of a new hair remedy that the race of bald heads will entirely disappear. Mrs. Brown says she cannot see how this can be unless the nostrum will prevent matrimony.

A Washington belle has created something of a sensation in social circles by marrying a policeman. A policeman may make quite as good a husband as a Congressman, but his wife won't be able to find him when she wants him.

A European woman recently committed suicide by throwing herself into a boiling spring at Rotorua, New Zealand. The body was not recovered until several hours afterwards, when the flesh was partly boiled away.

A little girl, five years old, while kissing her hand to her father, in Jersey City, when he was going out, the other morning, lost her balance and fell from the window out of which she was leaning, and received injuries from which she has since died.

A female teacher, when she enters the profession, is in nine cases out of ten, better equipped than a man for teaching. She has greater patience, is more sympathetic, better qualified to train and instruct very young children—and these outnumber the older ones ten to one—and is, in fact, which man is not, a natural teacher.

Little Mabel was saying her prayers the other night, and had concluded the usual petitions for earthly blessings for herself and family, when she suddenly paused, and, looking up into her mother's face, said: "There is one thing more I want to ask for, mamma; can I?" "Certainly—if it is nothing wicked," was the reply. At this the little one proceeded: "And make all our folks stylish, amen."

"I see," said she, looking up from the paper, "that there were 20,000,000 buttons made in this country last year." "Indeed!" he replied; "I wonder what they were made for?" "For sewing on garments, I suppose." "Well, somebody's got more than their share, I guess, for there ain't been one sewed on my garments for a year." She resumed her reading and a deep silence fell upon the household.

At a wedding breakfast in England, recently, one of the bridesmaids expressed a wish to see that mystic document, a wedding license, which she had never beheld. The request occasioned a fearful discovery. The clergyman had forgotten to ask for the license, the bridegroom had left it to his best man to look after, and this the best man had forgotten to do. The wedding party broke up in dismay, and the ceremony was performed the next day.

It is said of the Boston girl who got lost up in the Catskills, the other day, that she shouted, in an intellectual tone of voice: "I require assistance from some honorable man of culture and refinement." When the farmer who found her was leading her back to the hotel, she asked him if he was a regular subscriber to the "Transcendentialist," and if he had read "Natural Laws of the Spiritual World." And when he said "No," she forgot to thank him for his assistance.

Among the presents received by a Hartford, Conn., bride, lately, was a hermetically sealed box from her mother, containing various fanciful bonbons from the refreshment table, some roses worn by the bride, and a piece of her satin dress; also enclosed were photographs of the bride (in her veil and sweeping robes), her new-made husband, and her father, mother and brother. It is the desire of the donor that the box shall not be opened until the 25th anniversary of the wedding.

Masculinities.

A duck of a man generally makes a goose of a husband.

The man who stops to reason with himself does not swear.

A man, aged 81 years, is in active service as a telegraph operator at Hallowell, Me.

The tatooed man in a Bowery, N. Y., museum has married the tatooed female of the same "aggregation."

"Prince Beatrice" seems to be the definitive nickname finally resolved upon for Prince Henry of Battenberg by the English people.

There are statistics to show that the average life of the laboring man in this country is one-third less than that of a professional man.

Suicide was the cause of death at Hazlet, N. J., a few days ago, in the case of a man whose father and grandfather had both died in the same way.

Han Toy, a Sacramento Chinaman, who was arraigned on a charge of striking a woman with a hatchet, pleaded as a justification, that she was his wife.

At a marriage in Arizona, lately, the groom attempted to shoot the officiating clergyman because of his refusal to drink a pint of whisky in honor of the bride.

The skeleton of a man was recently found in the Dead River region, caught in a bear trap. The appearance of the skeleton indicated that he had devoured his own flesh.

Mr. Bell, the famous electrician, says that the problem of seeing by electricity is so nearly solved as to give much encouragement to those at work in that wonderful field of physics.

There is an Indian in the Cherokee tribe who is 94 years of age, and does all his own work. The fact is chiefly curious as showing that there is an age at which Indians will work.

A man who was killed by a runaway horse at East Chester, West Chester county, N. Y., some days ago, had only four days prior to the accident, taken out a $5,000 policy on his life.

A young man at Oak Hill, Fla., offers five acres of land and a corner lot to any father who will bring three daughters, between fifteen and thirty years of age, and locate in that city. Marriageability not specified.

A gardener living near Marysville, Ohio, became insane because of a firm belief he held that the world would come to an end in a few weeks, and worriment about her husband has now deranged the wife's mind.

Uncle Rogers—"I couldn't do anything with the boy. He was eternally picking quarrels with everybody, and so I had to send him home." Father—"You did right, Henry. How much the boy grows like his mother!"

A Buffalo man was surprised the other day by a visit from his sister, whom he had long thought dead. She ran away twenty-two years ago and went on the stage, and for a long time had not communicated with her relatives.

An Italian astronomer declares that the planet Mars is peopled by intelligent beings, who are trying to attract attention from dwellers on this planet. He is now engaged in making experiments, with a view to discover what the messages mean.

Volumes have been written giving diagrams and specifications as to how children should be trained up, and and yet as soon as a man becomes a daddy he throws his judgment overboard, shuts his eyes to sense and reason and lets the squaller rule the roost.

It is well to be exact, although the belief may be carried too far for the death of a young friend. A more or less poetical Hudson River Railroad conductor remarked, when asked the usual question: "Her wearied spirit sank to rest at 3.45, railroad time."

A farmer in Peabody, Kansas, lost his watch in a field, the other day, and his hunt for it was made doubly troublesome by the long grass. To this he applied a match, hoping to clear the ground for a few feet, but a prairie fire that did several hundred dollars' damage was the result.

Critics in art are not infallible. Mr. Millais painted a picture of a flood in Scotland, and floating on the stream was represented a jug, which the Scotch call a pig. Thereupon the critic, who had not seen the picture, said that the pig was so painted as to seem to be cutting his own throat, as is often said of pigs when swimming. Millais survived the intelligent praise.

In casting an old shoe after his bride-daughter for luck, according to the ancient notion that it would bring the happy couple good fortune, a Lyons father used so much enthusiasm that the shoe, which lodged under the bridegroom's ear, knocked the latter out of a carriage in which he was starting with the bride for a railway station. The bride fainted, and the tour was temporarily spoiled.

The ingenious wife beaters of Maryland have devised a plan whereby chastisement can be administered to their spouses without bringing themselves to the whipping post. Mr. A., for instance, takes the unsuspecting Mrs. A. to make an evening call on Mr. and Mrs. B., and at a given signal each husband falls upon the other husband's wife with a club, a slipper, or other weapon, and pounds her as per programme.

"It is an interesting fact," says a New York paper, "that many American men of letters are not college graduates. Walt Whitman, Whipple, Trowbridge, Field, Parton, Bayard Taylor, Eggleston, Harte, Howells, James, Aldrich, Lathrop, Stockton, Piatt, Cable, Crawford, Fawcett, Gilder, Harris, Carleton, "Mark Twain," Stoddard, and Burroughs, it is said, gained all their knowledge and culture outside of college walls.

A boy in a California school remarked that the teacher had red hair. He was whipped to make him retract; but he insisted he could not tell a lie, and he had the utmost confidence in his judgment of color. The woman declared that she would beat him to death unless he changed the word from red to auburn, and he abused his conscience to that extent, but afterward took the case to the trustees, who sustained him, and dismissed the bright-headed punisher.

Tickets for a Ball.

BY VERA SINGLETON.

IT was such a raw, foggy winter's night, that Con O'Reilly shivered as, with his hands in his pockets, he ran—by every short cut he had been able to discover—from the booksellers's shop in the Strand, where his days were spent, to the house of his aunt, in a quiet street leading out of a still quieter square.

Letting himself in with the latch-key, which he was granted to save the querulous elderly woman-servant the trouble of admitting him, he went lightly upstairs, and peeped into the smaller of the two drawing rooms.

There sat his aunt with her easy-chair drawn close to a glorious fire, an Indian shawl over her shoulders, her long bony hands encased in mittens, and her eyes half closed, as she listened to her companion, a meek little woman, one of whose occupations was to read aloud as long as Mrs. Lathom was in the humor to be thus amused.

"Jolly cold this evening, aunt!" cried Con, in his rollicking, boyish voice, hoarse at one moment and rising to a squeak at the next. "Nearly raw enough to freeze an Icelander!"

"For which reason you keep that door open and let in a draught that may bring back my rheumatics," was the tart reply.

"Very sorry, ma'am. I'm off. Good night, Miss Rice."

But he was recalled ere he had shut himself out.

"I hope, Constantine, you took your boots off as soon as you entered the house. Sarah assures me that yesterday she found four lumps of mud on the stairs. I never heard anything so disgraceful in all my life!"

Con's feet were out of his boots in a twinkling, and by the time his aunt had finished speaking he was holding them up for her inspection.

"I don't see how the mud can fall off when I carry them so carefully, do you? I shouldn't wonder if it was old 'Sall' herself that left such dirty marks on the stairs. Very disgraceful indeed; she's old enough to know better."

Away went Con, chuckling to himself, and Mrs. Lathom drew her brows together angrily.

"Horrid boy!" she ejaculated. "He grows quite impertinent!"

"He looked very cold," said meek Miss Rice.

"Let him go to bed and get warm there," was the stern rejoinder. "I very much disapprove of late hours for young people, and must beg you not to encourage my nephew in breaking the rules of my establishment."

Meanwhile Con had already reached the upper story, and bounced into a long narrow room without a fireplace, where, with her feet wrapped in an old blanket to keep them warm, sat a young girl plying her needle and thread.

It needed but a glance to see that they were brother and sister; both had the same dark-gray Irish eyes, straight noses, and well-shaped mouths dimpling with fun and good-humor; and both spoke with just that touch of the brogue that lends a zest to the simplest observations.

One year ago they had been the petted children of a Munster gentleman, living in comfort if not in affluence on his own estate; but a fever carried him off too suddenly to make any provision for the future of Con and Eileen, who awoke from their grief to learn that the attorney who had managed Mr. O'Reilly's affairs had laid claim to all they possessed.

In this emergency they appealed to the only relation they had—Mrs. Lathom, the sister of their deceased mother.

She having never forgiven her sister for marrying an Irishman, was seriously discomposed by the appeal, and would have refused it had she known how. But Con and Eileen, never doubting an hospitable reception, were already on their way to England.

But she did not rest till she had procured Con a situation at a bookseller's; and her niece, for a small premium grudgingly paid, was being instructed in the mysteries of dressmaking at a fashionable modiste's on the other side of the square.

Miss Rice—the daily, hourly victim of Mrs. Lathom's self-sufficiency—marvelled that a woman so proud of her position—she was the widow of a merchant, and had snug thousands, left her young relations to labor thus for their daily dread; but Mrs. Lathom plumed herself on the good sense of her proceedings.

"They have nothing to expect from me; indeed, I have nothing to leave them, and so they cannot learn too quickly to depend upon themselves.

"I secure them from many temptations that assail thoughtless young people by giving them an asylum in my house, and insisting that their Sundays are spent under my own eye, instead of gadding about with idle companions. I can do no more."

"Haven't you stitched enough all day that you must be at it now?" demanded Con, twitching away the silken skirt lying in his sister's lap. "You look blue with the cold, you poor darling! Get another blanket off your bed and wrap yourself in it, and I'll give you a declamation from Shakespeare. What shall it be—bloodthirsty—the dagger scene from 'Macbeth?' or sentimental 'Romeo and Juliet?' Sit on the table, and that shall be the balcony."

But Eileen held up her hands in supplication.

"Oh, Con mavourneen, just hear me first and do give me back my work! It's only to put black lace where the trimmings were white, and I could only get away by promising to bring it back in the morning."

"They've no business to make you work after hours."

"But sure madame has to do it herself sometimes, and why wouldn't I help her in an emergency? She's English, and cold in her manner, but there's warm blood in her heart."

Con picked up the dress from the corner into which he had flung it, but was renewing his grumbling when Eileen broke in—

"Guess to whom it belongs? But no, how should you? It's that pretty Mrs. Bryanstone Dalton's that's like a picture, and an old fifty-ninth cousin of her husband's has died suddenly and put her into slight-mourning; and think of the disappointment to her, Con! She and her husband were to have gone to the grand fancy ball to-night to be given at the big house round the corner that's always so well lighted up. The city man's, you know, with the heaps and heaps of money."

Con made a grimace.

"Am I expected to pity them? Poor souls may they survive it! It's little I'll care if they don't."

But Eileen was not to be silenced by ridicule.

"It's her own maid that was talking about it, and the lovely dresses direct from Japan that Mr. and Mrs Eaton were to have worn and she turned out of the pocket of this very gown the identical tickets they had bought for the ball."

"Bought!"

"Sure, now, didn't I tell you, Con—and if I didn't I meant to—that it's for a charity, and the city man only lends his house and pays for the music? A military band, Con—fancy the dancing to it! Oh, what could excel such pleasure! I'm sure I'd never tire of dancing! Look here, Con, these are the tickets! I picked them up when the maid tossed them down. What a pity that they should be wasted, isn't it?"

"Take them downstairs and offer them to aunt Lathom and Miss Rice. As they're bought and paid for, it can't signify who uses them. One could go as a lump of ice, and the other as a milk pudding."

Eileen's face flushed, and her breath came quickly.

"Oh, Con, but, if it's true what you're saying why shouldn't we use them ourselves? I never thought of that before, but why shouldn't you and I go to this ball? Not to dance, you know, but just to get a peep at the brilliant scene it will be, and exchange for one happy half hour this dull house for lights, and warmth, and splendor."

"Where's my hat? Wait till I have put on my boots and I'm ready," was the laughing reply. "Shall we borrow aunt Lathom's carriage, or walk to the scene of the festivities? Will you go wrapped in your blanket or will you not?"

"Ah, then you're laughing at me! and to be sure, it was silly to forget that poor papa is dead, and we are friendless, and must never hope to be merry again."

And here, to her brother's consternation, Eileen burst into a flood of tears.

Con took up the tickets, and studied them gravely.

"There's no names upon them, so it wouldn't involve passing ourselves off for what we are not if we used these cards. Ah, then, Elly, it would be jolly fun to slip out of the house, frolic round at the city man's with the best of them, and home again when we'd had enough of it, and nobody any the wiser for it."

Eileen clasped her hands.

"Oh, but I'd dearly like to venture!"

"Then done it is!" cried Con, "and the city man shall have the honor of entertaining Mr. and Miss O'Reilly. When the clock strikes ten meet me on the mat. But, by all the powers, Elly, we've forgotten the principal thing! One can't go to a fancy ball without a fancy dress."

Eileen laughed, and began tugging at a battered old trunk that had been pushed under her bed on account of its unsightliness.

"Don't you remember the picnic we were to have gone to just before poor papa died and how you borrowed a book of travels that I might see the pictures of Spanish gipsies, and dress you and myself accordingly. Old Norry would have thrown them aside; she was helping me pack to come here, but I'd spent so many pleasant hours over my work that I couldn't resolve to do that, and here they are. Not so fresh as they might be, but in good preservation too."

Con gave a carefully-smothered hurrah, snatched up the parti-colored raiment his sister produced, and rushed away with it to the garret he was allowed to occupy.

Eileen made a movement as if to arrest him, but he did not perceive it.

Away he went; it was useless recalling him; and, half frightened at her own rashness, she too began to dress for the ball.

In the wake of a large party dressed to form a quadrille in Louis Quinze costume, the Spanish gipsies entered the hall of the city man's palatial mansion, gave their wraps to one attendant, their ticket to another, and followed the stream of guests to the ball-room, from whence sounds of music were already issuing.

They were an attractive pair these gipsies: Con bright and bold in his short velvet jacket.

As for Eileen, she was too nervous at first to do aught but cling to her brother's arm.

"I wish I had worn a mask," she whispered to her brother. "The tall gentleman standing over yonder persists in looking as if he recognized me."

"I know him!" exclaimed Con; "that is, I have seen and spoken with him several times lately; his name is Meryon; he is a great scholar, and buys many rare works for his library from our firm. He seemed surprised to find that the youngest lad in the shop knew something about the insides of the books he was selecting, and always chooses me to wait upon him."

"And he remembers you! Oh, Con, how unfortunate!" cried Eileen, in great distress. "He will denounce us!"

But Con took a more common-sense view of the case.

"Nonsense! What charges could he bring against us? Don't be so silly, Eileen! Even if he recalls my features, which is most unlikely, it's nothing to him how I came here."

Flinging his arms around his sister he drew her into the ring of waltzers, and, once fairly launched on the current, Eileen forgot her alarms, and floated round so lightly, so gracefully, that many a murmur of admiration followed her progress.

Scarcely had she regained her breath when another dance commenced, and the cavalier stepped forward.

"Signor Pedro, or Jose, or Garcia, whichever you please to call yourself, will you permit me to tread a measure with your fair sister, the senora Esmeralda?"

"By my faith, good Sir Roland, you do the damsel much honor," said Con, demurely. "There are not many to whom I would entrust this most precious jewel of our house; but knowing you to be a right good and trusty gentleman, I do consent with pleasure."

Mr. Meryon bowed profoundly, but he laughed with such unconcealed amusement that Eileen began to take courage.

When the dance was at an end her cavalier led her into the conservatory, and, finding her a seat in a quiet corner, asked her frankly what was spoiling her pleasure.

One look into his kindly eyes and the impulsive Irish girl was telling him the history of the ball tickets, and her life, and tearfully entreating that Con might not suffer by yielding to the temptation of using them.

She was consoled with the promise she sought; and as she could not resolve to dance again, Mr. Meryon went in search of Con, who was dancing a Highland schottische with a Quakeress, and persuaded him to take her home.

With a lovely bouquet in her hand, pressed into it at parting by Mr. Meryon, Eileen hurried away beside her brother, who was a little sulky at being dragged from the ball just as its enjoyment was at its height. But his good-humor returned before they reached the house of their aunt.

But there Eileen clutched his arm in dismay, for the opening door showed her that there was lights in the hall, and the next moment they found themselves confronted by Mrs. Lathom.

The bitter things she said it is not necessary to repeat.

Con laughed at her wrath, Eileen pined; perhaps she missed the readings, the merry chats with her brother, which were now imperatively forbidden, and found her dull fireless chamber terribly lonely: or perhaps that glimpse of a brighter world had filled her with longings to escape from her cheerless prison.

One evening, however, regardless of his muddy boots and Sarah's wrath, Con burst in just as she had returned from madame's and was languidly taking off her wraps.

"Elly, my darling, good luck's come at last; I'm going abroad!"

"Going to leave me! Oh, Con!"

"Only for six months, and with Mr. Meryon—to help him copy some rare manuscripts in the libraries at Rome and Florence. And listen, Elly; he makes a condition that concerns you. Half my salary is to be devoted to finishing your education, so that you may be something better than a human sewing-machine. It's all settled, even to the place where you are to go. A widow lady at Folkestone, who only takes half-a-dozen pupils; a particular friend she is, of Mr. Meryon, who vouches for your being happy with her."

Mrs. Lathom declared that it was an absurd arrangement; but as it relieved her of all further trouble, she raised no objections.

The widow, a charming woman, came to fetch Elly; and as bad weather detained Mr. Meryon and Con at Folkestone for nearly a week, she had more than one parting interview with her brother.

"I don't know how we'll ever repay your kindness, Mr. Meryon," she said, with quivering lip, as he was bidding her farewell.

"Wait until we come back, and then I'll tell you," he replied. "Will you be glad to see me again Eileen?"

Those eloquent eyes of hers answered the question to his satisfaction; and when he does return, which will be shortly, she will not refuse to requite him with the boon he will ask—herself.

SHE DIDN'T KNOW.—Sympathizing Friend—"Is it true, my dear Mrs. Brown, that your husband committed suicide?" Mrs. Brown (recently bereaved)—"I am afraid it is." Sympathizing Friend—"What in the world could have induced him to commit such a rash and desperate act?" Mrs. Brown—"I haven't the faintest idea. I never knew John to do such a thing before."

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Radway's Ready Relief is a Cure for every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs.
It was the first,
AND IS THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the lungs, stomach, bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.
If seized with threatened

PNEUMONIA,

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A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure cramps, spasms, sour stomach, heartburn, nervousness, sleeplessness, sick headache, diarrhœa, dysentery, colic, flatulency and all Internal Pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of **RADWAY'S READY RELIEF** with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

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CURED IN ITS WORST FORMS.

Chills and Fever.

FEVER and AGUE cured for 50 cents. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers (aided by Radway's Pills) so quick as Radway's Ready Relief. Fifty cts. per bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S
SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

The Great Blood Purifier.

For the Cure of all CHRONIC DISEASES.

CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swellings, Tumors, Pimples, Blotches, Eruptions of the Face, Ulcers, Hip Diseases, Gout, Dropsy, Rickets, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption, Diabetes, Kidney, Bladder, Liver Complaints, etc.

SCROFULA.

Whether transmitted from parents or acquired, is within the curative range of the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Cures have been made where persons have been afflicted with Scrofula from their youth up to 20, 30 and 40 years of age, by

Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body. QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE AND PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

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Humors and Sores

Of all kinds, particularly Chronic Diseases of the Skin, are cured with great certainty by a course of RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN. We mean obstinate cases that have resisted all other treatment.

Sold by all Druggists. One Dollar a Bottle.

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(The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy.)

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen.
DR. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.
Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by all druggists.

DYSPEPSIA.

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for this complaint. They restore strength to the stomach, and make it perform its functions. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract diseases. Take the medicine according to directions, and observe what we say in "False and True" respecting diet.

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Send a letter stamp to **DR. RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren Street, New York,** for "False and True."

TO THE PUBLIC.

Be sure and ask for RADWAY'S, and see that the name RADWAY is on what you buy.

Recent Book Issues.

We have received from The Travelers Insurance Company, of Hartford, a copy of their new engraving, "Representative Parisian Journals and Journalists." It is an interesting and well executed picture, showing fifteen of the leading newspapers of the French Capital, with the portrait of the editor photographed as it were upon each, and a reduced copy of his particular paper.

Madame Henry Greville the celebrated French authoress is now on a lecturing tour in this country, where she is meeting with unbounded success. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, this city, who publish her books in America, have just issued "Dosia," which was crowned by the French Academy as the Prize Novel of the year. It is a very charming story of Russian society. Price 50 cents.

"Conspiracy," a novel, is a very interesting and cleverly written Cuban Romance by Adam Badeau, who held an important consular position, at one time time, in that troublesome Spanish possession. It deals with incidents in the last struggle for freedom made by the Cubans, and introduces many events in which Americans were deeply interested at the time. The plot centres around four persons, a young revolutionist who gets into jail, his sister who sets him free, a Spanish officer who loves this sister and betrays his trust, by assisting in the rescue, and a brigand who wins her heart in spite of his habits and social outlawry. All the characters are sketched in a spirited manner, and many of the incidents are exceedingly startling and highly dramatic. Price $1.25. Published by Worthington, New York. Received from J. B. Lippincot & Co.

"The Golden Treasury Calender," published by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., is one of the most artistic and most attractive of the many that have already appeared. The figure that supports the latter, upon which appear mottos from Palgrave's "Golden Treasury" applicable to each day of the year, is beautifully drawn, and the color printing is admirable. Price $1.00.

A publication we can heartily recommend to any who have a liking for French its language and literature—particularly students thereof—is "Le Francais" published at Boston, Mass., by Jules Levy. It appears monthly and each number contains much in the way of reading, grammatical questions, criticisms, etc., that all will find both interesting and valuable. Specimen copy 25 cents.

"A Political Crime, the History of the Great Fraud," is the title of a book just issued. It relates to the Presidential contest between Hayes and Tilden and the matters leading to the former being decided elected. So far as the subject is concerned as a whole, it seems to be treated in a most thorough way, the evidence, papers, figures and other facts being carefully and intelligently examined and collated. As a history of this highly interesting and momentous period in our country's career it is the most valuable and comprehensive we have ever seen, and while entertaining for mere perusal it has a higher worth, in its usefulness as a work of handy, and, so far as we are able to judge, authoritative reference. Of course, such a volume could not be written without some strong opinions, as to what is right and wrong from the writer's point of view, but he has allowed very little of this sentiment to appear in his book. Altogether we regard it as a noteworthy contribution to the history of the day, and a book that should recommend itself to all who are not above judging a case, not from prejudice but according to the evidence presented. Gottsberger, New York, Publisher. For sale by Porter & Coates, this city.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

There is no better magazine published in the interests of sanitary science than *The Sanitarian*. The current number is particularly full of excellent articles, several of which relate to this city. Physicians, sanitary engineers and in fact all interested in these and related matters, will find *The Sanitarian* full of valuable ideas and suggestions. Published at 113 Fulton St., New York City.

The Magazine of Art for December is a number to delight the eye and the mind. Its frontispiece is a reproduction by the Berlin Photographic Company of Van Ruysdal's Cascade with the Watch Tower, and it is so good that it will doubtless be honored with a frame by innumerable subscribers of this magazine. The opening paper is on J. W. Waterhouse, A. R. A., illustrated with several fine engravings from his best work. One, The Oracle, is given a full-page in which to show its beauties. This is followed by a paper on Art in Egypt, by Wm. Holmeden, illustrated, and from the oldest country in the world, we jump to the newest, America, whose achievements in silver work receive the highest praise. Examples of some particularly fine work are given. This month's paper on The Romance of Art is devoted to Torrigiani, Sculptor and Bravo. Then we have a paper on The Lower Mepway, a river beloved by the gossiping Pepys, and later by Charles Dickens. The many other valuable articles and superb illustrations are in keeping with this popular art magazine. Cassell & Co., New York.

AMERICUS, Ga., has a twenty-four-year-old grandfather.

HAVE you taken a cold? You can cure it promptly by using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

Humorous.

WE MOSTLY DO THE SAME.

When things run smoothly, and my mental sky
Is clear of clouds, and there's no cause for sighs,
That is, when all is lovely and serene, then I
Philosophize.

When on the right side is my bank account,
And great good luck my efforts seem to crown,
Then upward toward the sky my spirits mount—
I own the town.

But when misfortunes never seem to let
Up on me, and each move appears a blunder,
And life seems one "blemmition grind," I get
As mad as thunder.

'Tis so with most: we all can smile at strife,
At cares and trials from which we are free:
And calmly reason o'er the ills of life
We never see.

But when the clouds obscure our daily skies,
And evil's from Pandora's box fly thick,
Instead of stopping to philosophize,
We mostly "kick."

—S. T. OLEN.

A sweet craft—Court-ship.

A miser is the golden mean.

A play should be judged by its acts.

A regular poser—The photographer.

Stable articles of trade—Corn, oats and hay.

Eating dates is a pleasant way of killing time.

What plaything is above every other? The top.

What is the key-note to good breeding? B natural.

Book-keeping taught in one lesson—Don't lend them.

A great game in a small compass—Cricket on the hearth.

What day in the spring is a command to go ahead? March 4th.

Why is a farmer like a chicken? Because he delights in a full crop.

What's in a name? About the hottest country on the globe is Chili.

It has been settled that the precise time at which all flesh is grass, must be in the hey-day of life.

Why are people always laying bare their grievances? Because it is quite likely they want them redressed.

"No pains will be spared," as the quack said when sawing off a poor fellow's leg to cure him of rheumatism.

A man advertises for "A plain girl to cook." He probably was afraid he would be hanged if he cooked a pretty girl.

A contemporary mentions a case beyond the ordinary oculist. It is that of a young lady who, instead of a pupil, has a professor in her eye.

A man who wanted to see the last eclipse, got into a cab and told the driver to take him as close to it as he could, because he was near-sighted.

"Six feet in his boots!" exclaimed old Mrs. Beeswax; "nonsense! Why, they might as well tell me that the man had six heads in his hat!"

HUMPHREYS' Homeopathic Veterinary Specifics for HORSES, CATTLE, SHEEP, DOGS, HOGS, POULTRY. Used by U. S. Government. Chart on Rollers, and Book Sent Free. Humphreys' Med. Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

CHEAPEST MAGIC LANTERNS TO BEST STEREOPTICONS. MAGIC LANTERNS AND VIEWS. 12 Rich Posters, Programmes, Tickets, Screen, and 40 Views, $1.50! (by mail $2.00.) AUTOMATIC ORGANS a specialty. OPTICAL, MUSICAL, ELECTRIC, MECHANICAL WONDERS. (Magic Lanterns Wanted.) Catalogue FREE. HARBACH ORGAN CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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It is a medicinal preparation, and, at the same time, an elegant and cleanly toilet article. Its action upon the scalp is healthful. It nourishes the glands which support the hair, and causes thin, dry hair to become thick, soft, and vigorous. It restores the color of youth to locks which have become faded with age or disease; and relieves and cures itching, caused by humors of the scalp. Dr. George Gray, Nashua, N. H., writes: "It gives me pleasure to testify to the wonderful effects produced by Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer, as observed by me in very many cases. IT WILL CERTAINLY RESTORE THE HAIR TO ITS ORIGINAL COLOR. It cleanses the head of dandruff, and leaves the hair soft, glossy, and beautiful." F. T. Sandhein, 1010 Spruce st., Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "After unavailingly trying a number of preparations to prevent my hair from falling out, and, realizing that I was fast becoming bald, I tried, as a last resort, Hall's Hair Renewer. I have used only four bottles of the Renewer, and am perfectly satisfied that it is the best preparation in the market for checking the falling out of hair, invigorating the hair roots, and promoting a new growth."

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commends itself to all who have occasion to use a dye for the beard or mustache. It will change gray, faded, or sandy whiskers, to a beautiful brown or black, as desired. The colors produced are natural and lasting. It cannot be washed off, contains no destructive ingredients, is cheap, safe, convenient to use, and effectual.

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Agents wanted to sell our patent rug machine. Sells at sight. Sample, $1. Write for catalogue. Address, with stamp, OHIO RUG MACHINE CO., Wauseon, Ohio.

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OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

CANVASSERS wanted. People's Forest prints. Send 25 cents for outfit at once. H. M. BROCKSTEDT, 113 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo.

120 NEW SCRAP PICTURES and 48 New Chromo and Gold Scrap Cards sent Postpaid for 16 cts. CENTERBROOK CARD CO., Centerbrook, Ct.

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50 Chromo, Gold Scrap, Ioon Fringe, &c., Cards sent postpaid for 8c. Conn. Steam Card Works, Hartford, Ct.

100 Fine Cards and Scrap Pictures and elegant finger Ring 10c. Clinton Bros., Clintonville, Ct.

20 Gold Edge Hidden Name Cards and new Sample Book, 10c. HUBBARD BROS., Boston, Mass.

Cards. Sample book and full outfit and Lovely Xmas Card for 2c. stamp. Card Works, Northford, Ct.

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For choice reading, beauty of illustration, and typographical excellence, has no rival.

The HOME MAGAZINE aims to be that particular periodical indicated by its name. To the homes and firesides of the people it enters as an intimate friend, and furnishes to all within the precincts of home agreeable diversion in a literary form, free from impurity, and designed to encourage and elucidate the practice of the domestic virtues and high probity in all the walks of life.

In addition to the General Literary Department, many pages are devoted to home decorations and household affairs.

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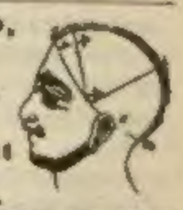
Being fully aware of the great interest the ladies are taking in Kensington Work, we have prepared a Complete Outfit containing 50 Perforated Stamping Patterns on best government bond parchment Paper, all different, including Sprays of Golden Rod, Pansies, Wild Roses, Forget-me-nots, Thistles, Strawberries, Outlines of Boy, Girl, Bugs, Spiders, Assorted Scallops for Skirts, Crazy Stitch Patterns, Crystal Etchings, Borders, Head Lines, Tulips, &c., &c., 50 in all, ranging in size from 1 1-4 in. to 7 inches, also 1 Box Blue Stamping Powder, 1 Box White Stamping Powder, 1 Patent reversible Pencil, and full and complete directions for Kensington Stamping and Embroidery, Kensington Painting, Lustre, Metallic Glitter and Iridescent Painting, Colors used and mixing of Colors, Ribbon Embroidery, Chenille and Arasene Work, Correct Colors of all the different flowers, Description of every stitch used in embroidery, &c., making a Complete Outfit that cannot be bought at retail for less than $4.00. To introduce FARM AND HOUSEHOLD, the large, 32 page Illustrated Magazine devoted to the interests of the Country Home and Household, we will send one of these Outfits complete free and postpaid, to any lady who will send 25c. for 3 mos. subscription to the Magazine. Five for $1. Money cheerfully refunded if not more than satisfactory. Address Farm and Household, Hartford, Conn.



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Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Fringettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

MONEY $50—$500 3—10 years. State amount. Send 6 cents for Specifications. Mention this paper. F. ALBUM Treas'r. Merchants Book, CHICAGO, ILL.

A Prize Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. Terms mailed free. True & Co., Augusta, Me.

TO WEAK MEN suffering from nervous debility, weakness of body and mind, loss of memory, mental and physical exhaustion,—I will send you a valuable treatise upon the above diseases, also directions for home cure, free of charge. Address Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

A BIG OFFER. To introduce them, we will GIVE AWAY 1,000 Self-Operating Washing Machines. If you want one send us your name, P. O. and express office at once. THE NATIONAL CO., 23 Day St., N. Y.

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Latest Fashion Phases.

Before my readers decide on the make of their dress bodices, I should advise them to consider becomingness for the variety is so great, and then decide whether they will have short or long revers, a full front or a straight; but, they must bear in mind, backs are not cut now with many seams, simply with a back and two side seams; that sleeves put in very high on the shoulders are going out, and that they are only moderately full there.

The front side seams of bodices are often cut completely on the cross. The sleeves are tight and adapted to the front of the arm and reach to the wrist; sometimes they are fastened on the outside of the arm with three buttons; occasionally they are trimmed with braid or galon, or have a simple straight cuff of different material.

The newest is an under-sleeve of a contrasting color or stuff, which has the resemblance of one sleeve over the other.

There are one or two new ideas in mantles.

A long velvet cloak has side seams and undersleeves of broche cloth, with large round perforated metal buttons on the cloth.

The front is of plaited velvet; it forms a complete outer garment, hiding the dress. A rich brocaded mantle, bordered with plush, and long pointed wooden aiguillettes, is new and original; but more novel still is a coat with ample skirt, one side of which crosses the front and fastens on the left side.

It can be made in cloth and fur, or plush and fur, and is warm without being too heavy. Another plush brocaded mantle is bordered with natural fir cones strung with gold beads.

There are many pretty fichus and collars this winter.

Some straight collars and cuffs of silver and gold tulle are inclosed in loops of broad velvet, others are made of plush and some of fur, a new fur cuff having the spring fastening so that it can be slipped on in a minute.

Some of the velvet collars have rows of tiny wooden carved beads in threes and threes, others are bordered with larger wooden beads gilt.

To some of these collars pretty arrangements of lace are attached, which form vests, completely covering the front of the dress.

The same sort of thing is also made with black velvet collars and black jetted net, having a Swiss shaped belt at the waist. The new muffs are small and made in plush or velvet, with a long end of wide lace arranged as a pouf on the side and caught down with a jet ornament. A novelty also are beaded collars in all colors and all kinds, forming a straight band with deep scallops falling round; a dressy addition to a toilette.

Some of the leading dressmakers are making muffs in the velvet and material of the costume, in bag form, with a broad ribbon run through, to suspend them on the arm when not required.

There is also an attempt to attach them to the ends of very long bonnet strings, which, after being pinned under the chin, fall down to the waist, and are secured to the jacket by large fancy pins.

The chin bow is a made-up one, and the pins are placed at the waist, to take off the strain of the hanging muff. Two fur boas are now used to trim a short mantle, one being put round the neck and down the front, and the other carried round the basque, and allowed to fall at the side just under the sleeves.

The sleeves are edged with fur to match.

Each one falls considerably below the material of the mantle. The effect is good, especially in plush and fur.

Elderdown petticoats are becoming more popular than they were, and a few women have a steel run round the edge to keep the heavy winter skirt out. An elastic band placed inside, and secured to each side, keeps the petticoat back. It is light, excellent wear; and warm coarse worsted lace, in colors, is popular for dress purposes.

Some of the flouncings, for draping over silk, are almost a yard deep. The new ribbons in shaded plush are lovely, and so are others of alternate stripes of satin and curly floss silk; also of satin and shot plush.

The canvas ribbons, with colored and gold lines, have been improved upon since their debut in summer, and can be had in every desirable shade; and there are silk ones, striped with velvet and gold thread, with as many as seven or eight colors introduced.

The hair is dressed very high in the evening, and is either dotted over with the combs, fancy-headed pins, and jewelled butterflies, or ornamented with a tuft of real or artificial flowers placed almost on the top of the head.

Combs are in favor, and jewelers have recently been engaged in re-arranging diamonds to form the high-backed Spanish comb or one with a band of single stones.

They are worn either at the top of the basket plaits, or put in slantwise at the side of the head, or firmly placed in the front to form a coronet, with a pouf of small feathers at one end.

Some heads are arranged with the hair crepe, and drawn back over a low frisette cushion, tied at the back, divided and plaited into two plaits, and then coiled round, rather apart from each other, one going up as high as possible. The fringe is left as usual.

As several weddings are announced, and likely to come off during the next few months, a few words on bridal and bridesmaids' gifts may not come amiss.

A diamond lucky slipper is one of the last novelties; also a white or colored crepe fan, painted, and cut out round the edges to imitate feathers; handkerchief case in plaited ribbon of two colors, with a handkerchief inside; bouquet-holders in embossed silver; leather writing case, with a large monogram outside, and filled with all the fashionable varied fancy paper of the day, &c.

For bridal gifts, a complete set of toilet requisites in embossed silver still keeps in the ascendant, but some novel bracket clocks, one to fit into a corner and the other to hang against the wall, with places for china below, are greatly appreciated, as is a new five o'clock kettle made in the form of a curling stone; the silver grenade smelling bottle, and also mounted nutmegs, cleverly representing animals, and a ring or ash tray of a large pearl shell, with a mouse sitting on the edge, are all popular gifts.

A style of dress worn very much for summer outings, will be used for home dresses this winter.

It consists of a black flannel or fine serge skirt, housemaid style, but with a plain front; a shirt of white, pale-blue, pink, or any fancy striped flannel, and a sash loosely knotted at one side.

The hat was the sailor shape, and for warmth, a cape of black serge was sometimes added.

Now this style has made its appearance in many country houses, with the addition of the smart little Figaro jacket.

Many of our readers will recall days, not long ago, when Garibaldi skirts of muslin, silk and flannel were worn, with black or colored skirts, and were quite *a la mode*, often with Zouave jackets of velvet or merino.

Truly, fashion repeats itself; but in the present case the skirt is close to the figure, kept up by a deep waistband.

The scarf is usually passed loosely round the hips, with the ends turned over, and falling at the left side, or else it is draped rather low in front, secured on the right by a brooch or large ornament, or a silver clasp velvet bag fastened to the skirt, and then tied in a large bow, at the left side, rather far back.

The skirt is plain in front, all the necessary fulness being at the sides and back in gathers or in plaits.

On some figures this costume becomes picturesque as well as smart.

The Figaro jacket has long sleeves, but does not reach, by two inches or more, to the waist, and is cut away from just below the throat and rounded.

Ball fringe, narrow marabout, or flat passementerie ornament many jackets, while many others are quite plain. For warm wear a sealskin Figaro looks well with a brown skirt and a red, orange, or blue skirt.

Astrakan is also used. Many women prefer the close-fitting bodices, pointed in front under these jackets, with sleeves of thin lining; and for this purpose handsome uncommon fabrics are used, and two or three are in constant wear.

Oddments can be used up thus with good effect, as quite a small piece suffices.

For little girls this style of dress is admirably adapted.

Domestic Economy.

ODDS AND ENDS.—[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.]

Another style of bassinette quilt is of white Bath blanketting, with a design traced on pink or blue twill flannel, chain-stitched with single Berlin wool of the same color round the edges, and then carefully cut away.

The chain-stitch is first made by a crochet hook and then sewn on with silk, which has a particularly good effect. The centre is left plain, and only the broad border all round worked thus. The same style of work is done in sateen on cashmere or unbleached linen for tea and coffee cosies, tea-cloths, and toilet covers.

Another new ornamental work is gumming the satin Christmas, Easter, and New Year cards on to black, dark green, brown, or ruby satin sheeting, and securing and working round them in silks, designing surroundings in the way of leaves, scrolls, and flowers, and adapting them to cosies, sachets, book covers, bracket valances, &c.

The satin generally requires to be peeled off its back carefully, pressed, cut into shape—oval or circular, diamond or octagonal, according to size and style—and then arranged at the centre of some design. If possible, the seasonable good wishes should be cut away, and only the fancy head, bird, or figure, as the case may be, retained.

Lace sachets and cosies are very novel. The lace is bought by the piece and cut into shape, and it should be pale coffee-colored, with a bold outline.

Crimson gold, or light blue filoselle or crewel or crewel silk is used for chain-stitching the design.

When finished, the lace is mounted over the same colored satin as the chain-stitching, and made up with bows of a silken cord to match.

The loveliest cosies and sachets are made in this way.

Although somewhat soon to make suggestions, even of Christmas presents, these hints may take someone's fancy, especially as they take time to mature, and the rapidly approaching fireside hours are those most prolific in ideas and realizations of future offerings of love and friendship. The sunflower penwipers have now succeeded the pincushions.

The centre resembles a miniature plum pudding of golden brown plush, and the frill, cut into points, sewn and guthered on double all round, is of yellow cloth or cassimere.

The pieces of serge or cloth representing the useful part of the penwiper, are cut round and fastened at the back by stitches. Packets of tailors' or drapers' patterns can be used for these.

The scraps can also be utilized by being cut into a leaf shape and sewn to a leaf of velvet stretched over cardboard, lined with a scrap of silk or satin edged with beads, and veined with shaded green silk. They look pretty on a writing table. The velvet leaf is a trifle larger than the cloth ones beneath it.

A quaint patchwork, much in vogue, is excellent for using up scraps of cloth, &c., and perhaps may not be generally known.

It is used for quilts, tablecloths, and footstools, and consists of a centre of cloth patches, laid a little over each other, and fancy stitches; then a border of common red flannel, or sometimes cheap house flannel, with rosettes of cloth, dotted closely all over.

The rosettes can be round or square, and consist of three scraps, each smaller than the other, secured by a stitch through the centre, just pinched up, and then sewn on to the foundation.

The effect would not be considered artistic or beautiful by educated eyes, but it finds great favor among economical housewives, and is to be recommended for using up all sorts of sized scraps, in both a useful and ornamental manner.

Pincushions for suspending to a mantel valance, tall screen, or wall, are now ornamented with a brass "face piece," as soldiers call the ornament which hangs from the horse's forehead, or the leather strap down the chest.

The pincushion is round, with deep flat sides about an inch and a half wide, into which the pins are put, and is of plush on the upper side and fancy silk at the back.

The plush shows between the pattern of the openwork brass ornament.

Where the brass handle is, double satin ribbons are passed through, and finished off in a dainty bow.

By this the whole thing is suspended. To understand this novel and quaint adaptation of a farm horse's "bravery" it is necessary to see one at any saddler's. These pincushions have lately been very fashionable at bazaars.

The rosette pincushions are similar in make, but have, instead of the brass ornament, innumerable loops of every colored narrow velvet or ribbon, put in close together to give the appearance of a rosette. These old-fashioned quite narrow ribbons can be purchased at next to nothing at drapers' shops, as they are out of date, and often faded by long retirement.

Instead of sending stockings to be refooted, as so many people do, they can be converted into the most perfect little Jerseys for boys with a small amount of trouble. The foot is cut off, and only the leg part used.

This is carefully opened up the back, and forms the front of the Jersey, the second stocking forming the back, with a neat join up the sides.

A space of about 4in. is left open near the top, and the edges turned over and herring-boned. This is for fitting in each sleeve, which is composed of a piece taken from the foot, 3in. wide.

The top, forming the neck, is curved, as a small boys' jersey always is, turned over and herring-boned.

A HOLY act strengthens the inward holiness. It is the seed of life growing into more life.

Confidential Correspondents.

ALPHA.—It means "my own one."

MARIA.—An album would be very appropriate.

J. B.—No, it would not be proper. Leave him to make the first offer to be friends again.

READER.—Gretna Green, a small village of Dumfriesshire, Scotland, was famous for the celebration of irregular marriages.

BOWLINE.—Scylla was a rock, in which dwelt Scylla, a hideous monster encompassed with dogs and wolves. Charybdis was a whirlpool, into which Charybdis was metamorphosed.

NORRIS.—Your landlord is bound to keep his house tenantable. If he will not do this you are free to move out and sue him for the rent which you paid in advance in the belief that your house was dry and healthy.

MAGGIE.—We hope you do not really believe that any person can "tell fortunes." The people who profess to do so are ignorant schemers, who break the law every time they accept money from their victims.

J. K.—It is totally impossible that you can please your parents and keep your engagement with the young lady at the same time. It is therefore equally impossible for us to advise you in respect to any compromise that may suit alike your duty and your love.

KENTON.—By "Universal Suffrage" is meant the extension of the voting privilege to such a point that all responsible citizens shall vote. It is used with reference to women voters as well as to men, though many writers apply the term without thought of the women, having in mind male voters.

M. H.—It is the formal rule—though not always observed—for the eldest sister to be announced or have her cards printed "Miss Smith," while the younger sisters' have the family name preceded by their christian names. For clearness sake, however, we think it is always best to print, write, or speak the full name when necessary.

H. C. G.—No widow should ever marry a man who would consider her half-orphan children as any bar or impediment to his happiness. How can you love a man who does not love your children, or who could even look with jealous eyes upon them? Such a man would, as your husband, be the curse not only of your children's lives, but of your own life also.

LOLA.—If you choose to humble yourself so much as to solicit a reconciliation with a man who has behaved so ungenerously, not to say brutally, as you describe, it is of course your privilege to do so; but such an exhibition of want of self-respect on your part would not be apt to exalt you much in the opinion of the man for whose doubtful love you would make it.

BLANK.—It is a part of the hard fate of women that she can do nothing but wait. If he loves you he will no doubt let you know in time—you are still very young—but should he pass you by, there is some consolation in knowing that yours is not that most terrible of all earthly lots, an unloved wife. 2. Your writing is excellent and indicative of a firm womanly character.

E. L.—Any strain on the vocal organs is likely to injure them, and some persons do strain those organs in cornet playing. Many singers are troubled also, and the thing to do is to find out by careful experiments how not to over-exert the delicate instrument put by nature within the throat. It would not be amiss should you write to a book-seller for some standard book on the voice.

BLUE BELLE.—1. It is the correct thing to do. If he is agreeable, and there is no good reason for not doing so, by all means invite him to call again. 2. We will answer by quoting an express on we once heard, and of which the value seems apparent. On being asked in case of a lovers' quarrel, which should speak first, a lady remarked: "The most loving and best-natured of the two." It seems to us a good rule whether in writing or speaking, where the cause of quarrel is no more serious than the average sweethearts' tiff.

HETTIE.—We do not believe in judging by the eyes or complexion. If the love of a man's heart and soul is white, wed him, no matter what the color of his hair. Judge him by his life so far as you know it, or can find it out, and let his features go. 2. What men are before marriage they are for the most part afterwards. To marry a man for the sake of reforming him is a perilous undertaking. We do not believe a disposition to gamble can be inherited. It is merely a bad habit that in the majority of cases will cure itself, or at least is curable. 3. In our department Farm and Garden you may find something that will be useful for the purpose.

NESS.—If your pupils "seem bewitched with a desire to make pictures and drawings on their slates and in their books," give them free range to gratify their desires, and direct the talent, which thus seeks vent, instead of crushing it. By allowing them sufficient time and means to gratify their artistic propensities, and by giving them proper instruction, you can confer upon them an elegant accomplishment and a useful art—for the ability to sketch and draw well is both of these. By skilfully managing this matter you can also turn it to great account in the discipline of your school, and use it as a means of, to some extent, turning the thorny ways of learning into primrose paths.

F. F.—What good can come of ridiculing your little son's ambitious aspirations? You would do better to foue them properly, and give them a healthy direction. The formula that our wishes are forefeelings of our capabilities, is, we believe, one of much beauty and worth. Many difficult passages in the biographies of great men are explained by it. Perhaps all of us may have learnt from what has occurred to ourselves, that it is not only applicable to great men. Looking back to the castles of earliest boyhood, we may see that they were not wholly built of air; that part of the materials of which they were composed were derived from a deep quarry in ourselves; that in the form of their architecture were shadowed out the tendencies, the professions, the schemes, of after years. Many may smile sadly when they think how little the achievements of the man have corresponded to the expectations of the child or of the youth. But they cannot help feeling that those expectations had a certain appropriateness to their characters and their powers; that they might have been fulfilled, not according to the original design, perhaps, but in some better way.